

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

ON December 9 we shall issue a Special Double Number of the ACADEMY, which will contain, besides the regular reviews, articles, &c., the following features: A statement with reference to our award of One Hundred Guineas and Fifty Guineas to authors; "1899: a Retrospect"—being a complete review of the literature of 1899; critical examinations of "Some Younger Reputations."

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S poem in last week's *Graphic* was one of the very few pieces yet inspired by the war which has been worthy of its author. Mr. Hardy, with his unerring instincts for the tragic and pitiful in life, chose his theme well: the emotions of the women assembled to bid farewell to a departing troopship. The poem, moreover, has the great merit of being cast in a musical metre. Mr. Meredith has also contributed something to the situation in the shape of a sonnet in the *Daily Chronicle*, entitled "At the Close." It has a vivid line:

Now is it red artillery and white steel;
but the meaning does not leap to the mind of the ordinary man.

THIS is Mr. Hardy's poem, which we reprint by kind permission of himself and of the *Graphic*:

THE GOING OF THE BATTERY.

[November 2, 1899. Late at night, in rain and in darkness, the 73rd Battery, R.F.A., left Dorchester Barracks for the War in South Africa, marching on foot to the railway station, where their guns were already entrained.]

Wives' Voices:

Rain came down drenchingly; but we unblenchingly
Trudged on beside them through mire and through mire,
They stepping steadily—only too readily!—
Scarce as if stepping brought parting-time nigher.
Great guns were gleaming there—living things seeming there—
Cloaked in their tar-cloths, uposed to the night:
Wheels wet and yellow from axle to felloe,
Throats blank of sound, but prophetic to sight.
Lamplight all drearily blinking and blearily
Lit our pale faces outstretched for one kiss,
While we stood prest to them, with a last quest to them
Not to court perils that honour could miss.
Some one said, "Nevermore will they come! Evermore
Are they now lost to us!" O, it was wrong!
Howsoever hard their ways, some Hand will guard their ways—
Bear them through safely—in brief time or long.
Yet—voices haunting us, daunting us, taunting us,
Hint in the night-time, when life-beats are low,
Other and graver things. . . . Hold we to braver things—
Wait we—in trust—what Time's fulness shall show.

A CONTEMPORARY makes some mystery of a box of letters and papers which was left to the British Museum in 1834 by Francis Douce, and was not to be opened for sixty-six years. This period expires next year, when the box will be opened. Of course, there is nothing unusual

in such a circumstance, and, as a matter of fact, four or five long-sealed collections of papers are to be unlocked in the British Museum at the same time. Even where the testators do not stipulate for such delay the Trustees of the British Museum frequently lock up papers until living people to whom their contents might give pain or offence have passed away. It is not probable, therefore, that there will be a torchlight procession to the Douce box in the early hours of January 1 next.

FRANCIS DOUCE'S box is said to contain his private letters and commonplace books. These will doubtless prove interesting, but it is not likely that they can compare in importance with the collection of books and manuscripts which he bequeathed to the Bodleian Library. That the Bodleian should have obtained these valuable gifts is the more extraordinary, because Douce was an official of the British Museum—in fact, Keeper of the Manuscripts. He nursed, however, some fancied grievance against the Trustees, and on a visit to the Bodleian he was received with such excessive blandness by the then librarian (who probably held the doctrine that politeness is one of the cheapest and most profitable of investments) that the antiquarian never recovered his balance, and left his finest manuscripts to the Oxford institution.

PROF. JAMES WARD'S treatment, in his *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, of Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy was recently discussed in our columns. A more authoritative criticism of Prof. Ward is now to appear in the shape of an article by Mr. Spencer himself in the December *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Spencer is not easily stirred to reply; but when he is the results are interesting.

THE publishers of the *British Weekly* have made arrangements to sell Tissot's *Life of Christ*, the ordinary price of which is twelve guineas, for eight pounds and six pence (according to binding) on the instalment system.

MRS. MEYNELL'S anthology, *The Flower of the Mind*, is now available in a pocket edition in Mr. Grant Richards's "Breviary" series. As is well known, Mrs. Meynell excludes Gray's "Elegy" from her collection. Oddly enough, the "Elegy" is this week issued as the first volume in a series of poetic booklets issued by Mr. John Lane under the title of "Flowers of Parnassus." Thus the poem which Mrs. Meynell condemns to waste its sweetness on the desert air of mediocrity is given a garden of its own on the slopes of the Muses' hill.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS'S new novel, *Robert Orange*, the promised sequel to *The School for Saints*, will be published as a serial in the *Ladies' Field*. The first instalment will appear in the Christmas Number.

MR. C. G. D. ROBERTS, the Canadian novelist, has finished a romance entitled *The Heart of the Ancient Wood*.

THE picture of Cunzie House, East Anstruther, which we reproduce, will be of interest to all students of R. L. Stevenson, for it was there that he lived during the summer of 1868, while assistant engineer at the harbour



CUNZIE HOUSE, ANSTRUTHER, FIFE, IN WHICH R. L. STEVENSON LIVED DURING THE SUMMER OF 1868.

works. At this place (under the title of 'Kenzie House') was written some of the earliest of the correspondence included in the edition of *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson* which we notice elsewhere this week. Cunzie House may be easily recognised by visitors to East Anstruther, from the fact that a tablet has been recently erected upon it.

"First catch your Boer, then kick him," wrote Pudd'n-head Wilson in Mark Twain's *More Tramps Abroad*, and the sentiment ought to send many readers to that diverting and very able book. But once there some may be disappointed, for Mark Twain has always been in the habit of looking at both sides of a case. Still not even his lack of admiration for the administration of Rhodesia could excite his sympathy for our enemies. In describing some Boers who got into the train on one of his journeys, he says: "A gaunt, shakely, country lout, six feet high, in battered gray slouched hat with wide brim, and old resin-coloured breeches, had on a hideous brand new woollen coat which was imitation tiger skin—wavy broad stripes of dazzling yellow and deep brown. I thought he ought to be hanged, and asked the station-master if it could be arranged." The station-master, however, was annoyed "and did everything he could to turn public sentiment against me. It is what one gets for trying to do good."

MARK TWAIN'S elaborate calculations, based on the last Boer war and the Jameson Raid, as to the number of Englishmen and guns and rounds of ammunition necessary to kill one Boer have happily been falsified by recent events. This is part of the argument:

Let us now examine history, and see what it teaches. In the four battles fought in 1881 and the two fought by Jameson, the British loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, was substantially 1,300 men; the Boer loss, as far as is ascertainable, was about 30 men. These figures show that there was a defect somewhere. It was not in the absence of courage. I think it lay in the absence of discretion. The Briton should have done one thing or the other: discarded British methods and fought the Boer with Boer methods—

or augmented his own force until—using British methods it should be large enough to equalise results with the Boer.

To retain the British method requires certain things, determinable by arithmetic. If, for argument's sake, we allow that the aggregate of 1,716 British soldiers engaged in the four early battles was opposed by the same aggregate of Boers, we have this result: the British loss of 700 and the Boer loss of 23 argues that in order to equalise results in future battles you must make the British force 30 times as strong as the Boer force. Mr. Garrett shows that the Boer force immediately opposed to Jameson was 2,000, and that there were 6,000 more on hand by the evening of the second day. Arithmetic shows that in order to make himself the equal of the 8,000 Boers, Jameson should have had 240,000 men, whereas he merely had 530 boys. From a military point of view, backed by the facts of history, I conceive that Jameson's military judgment was at fault.

FINALLY, says Mark Twain:

If I could get the management of one of those campaigns, I would know what to do, for I have studied the Boer. He values the Bible above every other thing. The most delicious edible in South Africa is "biltong." You will have seen it mentioned in Olive Schreiner's books. It is what our plainsmen call "jerked beef." It is the Boer's main stand-by. He has a passion for it, and he is right.

If I had the command of the campaign I would go with rifles only, no cumbersome Maxims and cannons to spoil good rocks with. I would move surreptitiously by night to a point about a quarter of a mile from the Boer camp, and there I would build up a pyramid of biltong and Bibles fifty feet high, and then conceal my men all about. In the morning the Boers would send spies, and then the rest would come with a rush. I would surround them, and they would have to fight my men on equal terms, in the open. There wouldn't be any Amajuba results.

ANOTHER American humorist has also discussed the situation—Mr. Dooley. We take the following from *Harper's Weekly*:

"An' what's it all about?" demanded Mr. Hennessy. "I can't make head nor tail iv it at all, at all."

"Well, ye see, 'tis this way," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye see, th' Boers is a simple, pastoral people that goes about their business in their own way, raisin' hell with ivrybody. They was bor-rrn with an aversion to society, an' whin th' English come they lit out before them, not likin' their looks. Th' English kept comin' an' the Boers kept movin', till they cudden move anny further without bumpin' into Kitchener's ar-rmy, an' thin they settled down an' says they, 'This far shall we go,' says they, bein' a religious people, 'an' divvle th' sthep further.' An' they killed off th' irreligious naygurs an' started in fr to raise cattle. An' at night they'd set outside iv their dorps—which, Hinnissy, is Dutch fr two-story brick house an' lot—an' sip their la-ager an' swap horses an' match texts fr'm th' Bible fr th' seegars, while th' childher played marbles with di'mon's as big as th' end iv ye'er thumb."

"Well, th' English heard they was goold be th' bucket in ivry cellar fr'm Ooopencoff to Doozledorf—which, Hinnissy, is like New York an' San Francisco, bein' th' extreme p'int in th' country—an' they come on in gr-reat hordes, sturdy Anglo-Saxons fr'm Saxony—the Einsteins and Heidlebacks an' Werners; an' whin they'd took out goold enough so's they needed raycreation, they wanted to vote. 'An', says Joe Chamberlain, he says, 'be hivins, they shall vote,' he says."

As to President Kruger himself, Mr. Dooley is unrestrained. This is his joyous estimate:

"Kruger, that's th' main guy iv th' Dutch, a fine man, Hinnissy, that looks like Casey's goat an' has manny iv th' same pecularities."

THE prize poems in praise of the independent agriculturist which a wealthy American asked for by way of counterblast to "The Man with the Hoe" have not yet been printed; but here and there in American papers

replies to the original poem are still being printed. In the *Nebraska State Journal* "The Man Who Keeps no Hoe" is pleasantly touched off. This is the note of it:

When spring-time comes he takes his foaming steeds,
All proud and champing in their harness gay;
Begins his yearly war against the weeds,
And while the sun shines makes his wad of hay;
But not a second does he fool with hoe,
Nor any back-number agricultural implement such as a
Markham used to know.

He turns the furrow with a sulky plow,
Nor does he walk, but sits upon a seat,
The sweat of labour is not on his brow,
There are no bunions on his manly feet;
Serene and calm he sits and drives his team,
And smokes cigars, and sends the hired man to the house
for ice cream.

WE give a portrait of John Everett Millais, taken in 1854, and included in the splendidly illustrated biography which we reviewed last week. As a young man Millais is said to have borne a close resemblance to Lord Leighton, though, of course, in stature there was a great difference



JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

between the two friends. Millais stood just over six feet, and was proud of his height. Mr. John Guille Millais tells us that Millais would say to his sons: "If any of you boys show signs of being taller than your father, I'll punch his head."

ONE would not naturally look to an amateur tennis champion for a new translation of the Sermon on the Mount; although there is no reason why one should not, except our insular prejudice against a man doing two dissimilar things well. But Mr. Eustace H. Miles, who defeated Sir Edward Grey last summer in the game of

kings, is the author of an interesting little work entitled *The Teaching of Jesus To-day*, in which he offers the fifth chapter of Matthew in a new rendering, the attempt being to convey not so much what Jesus said to the Jews of long ago, but what He might say to us now. These are the Beatitudes in Mr. Miles's treatment:

Happy are those who have lost all selfish thoughts: God's unseen world is for them alone.

Happy are those who feel unselfish sorrow: they alone will be comforted and spurred on.

Happy are those who are gentle: they alone will have everything left to them.

Happy are those who feel a hunger and thirst for what is right: they alone will be satisfied.

Happy are those who feel pity and are kind: they alone will receive pity and kindness.

Happy are those whose thoughts are spotless: they alone will see God.

Happy are those who bring peace: they alone will be known as God's own children.

Happy are those who are made to suffer for doing what is right: God's unseen world is for them alone; you yourselves, if you are working on my side, should be happy when you are abused and made to suffer, and when all kinds of untrue things are said about you: you should be glad and triumphant, for ample is your recompense in the unseen world; this is how they made God's representatives suffer before your time.

Mr. Miles explains the phrase "God's unseen world": "Not a golden and jewelled heaven far away, where we shall sing and feed and rest when we are dead; but it can begin here, it can be entered while we are still alive, and it is a world of active work. In God's unseen world are none but the unselfish, the unselfishly sorrowing, the gentle, the kind, the pure—in fact, none but those whom Jesus called 'happy.' No one of these qualities is enough—sorrow by itself is not enough; indeed, if any *one* link in the chain is missing, you cannot be actually living in God's unseen world."

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE IN KHAKI.

[An Oxford India-paper Bible, bound in khaki, and weighing only four ounces, has been prepared by the Oxford University Press Warehouse for our soldiers and sailors at the War.]

O THOU Who from Thy Heaven above
Control'st this little star's unrest,
And latterly hast come to love,
We know, the English race the best,
Help us forget, till war is done,
That Little Englander, Thy Son.

We thank Thee that Thy Holy Writ
Is so adaptable a guide
That none need go away from it
With any doubt unsatisfied—
For every course some sanction is,
If not in John, in Genesis.

Yet this we ask in mood profound:
Direct our Tommies when they con
Thy Book of Books, in khaki bound,
(Which also cheers the Boers on)
Lest any foe be left alive,
Keep them from Matthew chapter five.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD will publish in the course of November an anthology of *Prayers from the Poets*, compiled and edited by Mr. Laurie Magnus and Mr. Cecil Headlam, author of the *The Story of Nuremberg*, and other works. The volume is arranged in the form of a calendar of devotion, with one or more poems to each day in the year, and special dates in British annals are marked by appropriate pieces. The editors, who contribute about twenty original translations to their volume, have drawn from all times and countries for the purposes of the anthology. They have further been enabled to include poetical prayers still in copyright by the Dean of Ely, the

Poet Laureate, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. W. E. Henley, Mr. Robert Bridges, Sir Lewis Morris, Mrs. Meynell, and others.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "While turning over Thoreau's *Walden* this afternoon with an eye to descriptive passages of 'Things Seen' and simply told, I came upon many places where Thoreau describes things *heard* in the silence of the woods; might I make the suggestion that your series of 'Things Seen' might be supplemented by a series of 'Things Heard'? The following, taken almost at random, will serve as a specimen of Thoreau's power of audible description; he is telling of the railway sounds which penetrated to his retreat:

All day the fire-steed flies over the country, stopping only that his master may rest, and I am awakened by his tramp and defiant snort at midnight when in some remote glen in the woods, he fronts the elements encased in ice and snow.

And again:

As it grew darker I was startled by the *honking* of the geese flying low over the woods, like weary travellers getting in late from southern lakes, and indulging at last in unrestrained complaint and mutual consolation. Standing at my door, I could hear the rush of their wings; when driving toward my house they suddenly spied my light, and with hushed clamour wheeled and settled in the pond.

As an example of dramatic effect, lovers of *Treasure Island* will not need to be reminded of that most paralysing of sounds—the approaching thud of the arch-villain's wooden leg! The following stanza of Rossetti's is the happy result of the poet's imaginative power in describing the *Unseen* and *Unheard*:

The sun was gone now; the curl'd moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

All these effects are nocturnes; it would be interesting to find others heard in broad daylight, when light and colour are all but paramount."

MR. F. R. BENSON'S season at the Lyceum, beginning on February 15, 1900, is to offer to some extent a foretaste of the workings of a municipal theatre. The performances will be devoted almost solely to Shakespeare, and a large committee has been formed to interest people in the experiment and guarantee its success, or, at any rate, go far towards doing so. The programme arranged is as follows:

1st week,	beginning Feb. 15...	"Henry V."
2nd "	" Feb. 22...	"A Midsummer Night's Dream."
3rd "	" Mar. 1 }	"Hamlet" and "The
4th "	" Mar. 8 }	Rivals" (alternately).
5th "	" Mar. 15...	"Richard II."
6th "	" Mar. 22...	"Twelfth Night."
7th "	" Mar. 29...	"Antony and Cleopatra."
8th "	" April 6...	"The Tempest."

Arrangements are made by which season tickets entitling the holder to one performance of each play are to be obtainable.

Bibliographical.

Does anyone want a translation into English of Voltaire's "La Pucelle d'Orléans"? The question is one which "The Lutetian Society" will soon be in a position to answer, for it has arranged for the issue of such a version, of which Mr. Ernest Dowson will be the author. It will be in verse, like the original, each line of which will have, I gather, its English counterpart. The first five cantos of "La Pucelle" appeared in English in 1785, but the first

version which approached completeness was that (ascribed to Lady Charleville) which was privately printed at Dublin in 1796-7. Of this, however, only fifty copies were circulated; while the translation undertaken by W. H. Ireland, and published in 1822, was suppressed as far as it could be. It will be understood, therefore, that copies of the versions both of 1796-7 and of 1822 are very much in demand among collectors. Mr. Dowson's version, we are led to expect, will be unexpurgated, and will also include translations of the variants on the cantos. Mr. Dowson seems to be busy as a translator, for he promises us versions of the memoirs of the Duc de Richelieu and of Cardinal Dubois. More than that, he is soon to follow up his volume of *Verses* with another, which he entitles *Decorations*.

When announcement was first made of a book described as *Reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, &c.*, by the late Mrs. Lynn Linton, I ventured to suggest that this might be found to consist merely of a few slim articles contributed by Mrs. Linton to a magazine some little time ago. My suggestion proves to be well-founded. The book has come out, and, in an "Introduction" eight lines long, Dr. Robertson Nicoll says: "These papers were written for a periodical at my request." Why not mention the periodical and the dates of publication? Why add unnecessarily to the labours of the bibliographer? The little book, I may add, is notable for its very frank comment upon Thornton Hunt and George Henry Lewes.

The name of Hain Friswell is, apparently, still one to conjure with, for I see advertisement made of a new book from his pen entitled *Some of Life's Problems*. A biography of Mr. Friswell, you will remember, was published not so very long ago. He appealed powerfully to the middle classes in their hours of ease, and his place in that respect is now unfilled, "A. K. H. B." being no longer with us. There is room for an essayist who will deal with the things of every day from the point of view of the lay preacher—there are in this country so many readers who enjoy being mildly lectured on the minor morals.

There is also life, apparently, in Harrison Ainsworth, much as he is pooh-poohed by the elect. We are to have all his historical romances anew in a set of twenty uniformly got-up volumes. Of late years his works have been issued principally by Messrs. Routledge, with an occasional look-in on the part of Messrs. Warne, Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. R. E. King, and Mr. Dicks. It is the fashion with some to sneer at Ainsworth, but I fancy his *Crichton*, his *Guy Fawkes*, his *Jack Sheppard*, his *Lancashire Witches*, his *Rookwood*, his *Tower of London*, and perhaps others, will live some time longer.

Yet another edition of *The Story of an African Farm*! If I remember rightly, that story appeared originally sixteen years ago in two volumes, and at the modest price of twenty-one shillings. Then, between 1883 and 1889, came editions at five shillings, two shillings, eighteenpence, and one shilling. In 1891 there was a three-and-sixpenny edition. In the same year there came *Dreams*, followed in 1893 by *Dream Life and Real Life*, and in 1897 by *Trooper Peter Halket*. Obviously, however, it is on the *African Farm* that Olive Schreiner's reputation will be based.

Mr. Murray announces a "second edition" of Axel Munthe's *Letters from a Mourning City*, "a personal account" of the plague-days in Naples in 1884. This was brought out by Mr. Murray in 1887. It will now re-appear in the shape of an entirely new translation, for which the author is responsible. Practically, therefore, it will be a new production.

Mrs. Roy Devereux, who is to give us some *Sidelights on South Africa* is the author of *The Ascent of Woman*, published three years ago. She has made, I believe, one experiment as a writer for the stage. At least, I have heard ascribed to her a little, but striking, one-act piece called *Beyond*, produced at the Criterion one afternoon in 1894.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Real Stevenson.

Letters to His Family and Friends. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 2 vols. (Methuen. 25s.)

"WELL, I did my damdest anyway." This sentence, from his own pen, might stand as Stevenson's epitaph. If ever a man did his best, he did. He put his best into his books, he gave of his best to his friends. His correspondence alone would make a full life's work



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From a Photograph by Mr. Lloyd Osborne.

for many a man. The character of the letters varies widely, because he always wrote to his correspondent. The quality of his delightful egoism, his gaiety, the depths of his gloom, the range of his reflections, suit themselves to the mind he is addressing at the moment. In these letters Stevenson stands revealed—his fantasy, his moods, his joy in life, his passion for expression, his sincerity, his sympathy, his wilfulness, and that seriousness, deep-lying and persistent, which was the core of him.

Addressed to his family and his friends, the letters date from the age of eighteen till his death. The recipients have lent them lavishly for this collection, which Mr. Colvin has edited admirably. Indeed, so well has Mr. Colvin performed his task, so sufficient are his biographical notes, that we could almost say the supplementary volume of his *Life* that is to follow, from the pen of Stevenson's kinsman, Mr. Graham Balfour will be superfluous. The man is here. It is himself who speaks, as if he were alive. His words have wings.

The difficulty of reviewing or appreciating such a book is the difficulty of selection. Hardly a page but has something which calls for quotation or comment. Much must be left unnoticed even in our attempt to produce, in the broadest brush-work, the real Stevenson as we see him,

who lurked clear-eyed beneath the kaleidoscopic flashings of his frolic moods.

His life was a search for health, or rather for such health as would allow him to work. Neither climate nor illness dulled his fancy nor hindered his passion for self-expression. At Bournemouth, during one period, he worked vigorously upon no fewer than ten books. The conditions were these:

During all the time of Stevenson's residence at Bournemouth [says Mr. Colvin] he was compelled to lead the life, irksome to him above all men, but borne with invincible sweetness and patience, of a chronic invalid, and almost constant presence in the house. A great part of his time had perforce to be spent in bed, and there almost all his literary work was produced. Often for days, and sometimes for whole weeks together, he was forbidden to speak aloud, and compelled to carry on conversation with his family and friends in whispers or with the help of pencil and paper.

Whatever Stevenson's personal sufferings might be, he determined that they should not influence his work. There was enough sorrow and gloom in the world without adding to it. Literature should hearten, not depress.

As I live [he writes to Mr. Dick] I feel more and more that literature should be cheerful and brave-spirited, even if it cannot be made beautiful and pious and heroic. We wish it to be a green place. The *Waverley Novels* are better to re-read than the over-true life [the *Life of Scott*], fine as dear Sir Walter made it. The Bible in most parts is a cheerful book; it is our little piping theologies, tracts, and sermons that are dull and dowie; and even the *Shorter Catechism*, which is scarcely a work of consolation, opens with the best and shortest and completest sermon ever written—upon man's chief end.

Stevenson kept this aim steadily before him. His stories are objective—never influenced by his moods. The ebb and flow of his spirit, his doubts, his joys, his anxieties—himself—are to be found only in his letters and, in a lesser degree, in certain of his essays. To intimate he wrote without restraint and with extraordinary facility and prodigality. How easily the following story trips!—so few authors would have "wasted" it upon a letter. It seems that in early days, in Paris, Stevenson's chivalrous feelings had been shocked by a scene in the *Demi-Monde* of Dumas fils. Mr. Archer, his correspondent, had asked what exactly took place:

It happened thus. I came forth from that performance in a breathing heat of indignation. On my way down the Français stairs I trod on an old gentleman's toes, whereupon, with that suavity that so well becomes me, I turned about to apologise, and on the instant, repenting me of that intention, stopped the apology midway, and added something in French to this effect: "No, you are one of the *lâches* who have been applauding the piece. I retract my apology." Said the old Frenchman, laying his hand on my arm, and with a smile that was truly heavenly in temperance, irony, good-nature, and knowledge of the world: "Ah, monsieur, vous êtes bien jeune."

As we have already said, the character of the letters varies to suit his correspondents. Those to his father can only be described as paternal; Mr. Henley is the comrade with whom he has fought shoulder to shoulder—now separated; Mr. Colvin is the elder friend; Mr. Charles Baxter is the companion of his youth, the friend of many memories; and so on through the whole range. His correspondent of the moment is always before him, and the impulse, the emotion of the moment, runs into the letter of the moment, so different from the stern self-repression of his novels. It relieved him to utter these cries, to be the child again, to be timid, to be petulant, to be sad, to be gay, and his friends gave great welcome to these confidences.

The love of nature came to Stevenson earlier than to most. At twenty-five he writes to Mrs. Sitwell:

It is just now the top of spring. The whole country is mad with green. To see the cherry-blossom bitten out

upon the black firs, and the black firs bitten out of the blue sky, was a sight to set before a king.

He was always encompassed by the great problem how to describe what he saw and felt. At twenty-three he wrote to the same correspondent from "up among the olive yards" at Mentone:

I tried for long to hit upon some language that might catch ever so faintly the indefinable shifting colour of olive leaves; and, above all, the changes and little silverings that pass over them, like blushes over a face, when the wind tosses great branches to and fro.

To Mrs. Sitwell, at the age of twenty-five, he makes this intimate confession:

Oh, I have such a longing for children of my own; and yet I do not think I could bear it if I had one! I fancy I must feel more like a woman than like a man about that. I sometimes hate the children I see in the street—you know what I mean by hate—wish they were somewhere else, and not there to mock me; and sometimes, again, I don't know how to go by them for the love of them, especially the very wee ones.

Four years later, during one of his bouts of bad health, depression has temporarily seized him. He writes to Mr. Gosse thus:

I am going for thirty now; and unless I can snatch a little rest before long, I have, I may tell you in confidence, no hope of seeing thirty-one. . . . It is a pity in one sense, for I believe the class of work I *might* yet give out is better and more real and solid than people fancy. But death is no bad friend: a few aches and gasps, and we are done. Like the truant child, I am beginning to grow weary and timid in this big, jostling city, and could run to my nurse, even although she should have to whip me before putting me to bed.

This to his father at the age of thirty-three:

The great double danger of taking life too easily, and taking it too hard, how difficult it is to balance that. But we are all too little inclined to faith; we are all, in our serious moments, too much inclined to forget that all are sinners, and fall justly by their faults, and, therefore, that we have no more to do with that than the thunderstorm, only to trust and do our best, and wear as smiling a face as may be for others and ourselves.

From Royat, at thirty-four, this lament is sent to Mr. Colvin:

I am very dim, dumb, dowie, and damnable. . . . Do not think me unhappy: I have not been so for years; but I am blurred, inhabit the debatable frontier of sleep, and have but dim designs upon activity. All is at a standstill: books closed, paper put aside, the voice—the eternal voice of R. L. S.—well silenced.

In the same year he writes to Mr. Henley from Bourne-mouth:

This pleasant middle age into whose port we are steering is quite to my fancy. I would cast anchor here, and go ashore for twenty years, and see the manners of the place. Youth was a great time, but somewhat fussy.

Five years later he is at Honolulu. The clouds have cleared. To Mr. James Payn he writes:

I have nothing but happiness to tell. . . . This climate; these voyagings; these landfalls at dawn; new islands peaking from the morning bank; new forested harbours; new passing alarms of squalls and surf; new interests of gentle natives—the whole tale of my life is better to me than any poem.

He was happy at sea, was happy in his sea-girt home at Samoa. In that beautiful climate, his health restored, he recovered his old attitude of joy and wonder in the world. At forty-four, to his cousin, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, he writes:

As I go on in life, day by day, I become more of a bewildered child; I cannot get used to this world, to procreation, to heredity, to sight, to hearing; the commonest things are a burthen. The prim, obliterated, polite face of life, and the broad, bawdy, and orgiastic—or monadic

—foundations, form a spectacle to which no habit reconciles me; and "I could wish my days to be bound each to each" by the same open-mouthed wonder.

In the last year of his life, in a letter to Mr. Baxter, he says: "Literally no man has more wholly outlived life than I. And still it's good fun." Outlived life! He was on the threshold of a period of mellow fruitfulness to which the past years had been but a preparation—the period of *Weir of Hermiston*.

It is impossible, within the limits of a single article, even to suggest Stevenson's range and variety as a letter writer. His criticism of books would alone make a subject for an article. Like most creative minds, where he admired he admired enthusiastically. Writing to Mr. Henley he speaks thus of Mr. Meredith's *Egoist*:

When I shall have read it the sixth or seventh, I begin to see I shall know about it. You will be astonished when you come to re-read it; I had no idea of the matter—human, red matter he has contrived to plug and pack into that strange and admirable book.

To Mr. W. B. Yeats he writes:

It may interest you to hear that I have a third time fallen in slavery [he has already particularised the two former occasions—Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, and Meredith's *Love In a Valley*]; this is to your poem called *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*. It is so quaint and airy, simple, artful, and eloquent to the heart—but I seek words in vain. Enough, that "always night and day I hear lake water lapping with low sounds on the shore."

Mr. Henry James's work aroused his enthusiasm with reservations. We reproduce a portion of a facsimile letter to the author of *Roderick Hudson*:

*We are all sleeping pretty fit
and pretty hearty; but this letter is
not from me to you, it is from a reader
of R. H. to the author of the
same, and it says nothing, and
has nothing to say, but Thank you.*

*We are going to re-read Casanova
as a proper pendant. Sir, I think
these two are your heart, and
can not who knows it*

At the end Stevenson drops into this criticism:

May I beg you, the next time Roderick is printed off, to go over the sheets of the last few chapters, and strike out "immense" and "tremendous"? You have simply dropped them there like your pocket-handkerchief; all you have to do is to pick them up and pouch them, and your room—what do I say?—your cathedral, will be swept and garnished.

This is not the occasion to attempt an inquiry into Stevenson's status as novelist, essayist, and poet. As a human document he himself was a more interesting and various study than his books. Probably the personality of no writer has ever so captured the sympathy, the interest, and the love of his contemporaries. In the history of our literature we have had brilliant and versatile minds—minds that ran when others walked—touched to such issues of fancy, folly, and fun, that they had the power to thrill their hearers or readers as they listed. We have also had

grave and serious minds, ever conscious of the profound intention that underlies material things, while refusing to be harnessed to any creed of man's making. In Stevenson was welded these two natures. Therein lies his strength and influence. He did, to the utmost of his ability, the work to which he felt he had been called, and he never lost sight of the Eternal Verities. His view of them was not orthodox. It was his own, purchased at his own cost. In a letter to Mr. Gosse, written at the age of thirty-six, he states his simple faith, and the limitations of his hopes:

If I could believe in the immortality business, the world would indeed be too good to be true; but we were put here to do what service we can, for honour and not for hire: the sods cover us, and the worm that never dies, the conscience, sleeps well at last; these are the wages, besides what we receive so lavishly day by day; and they are enough for a man who knows his own frailty and sees all things in the proportion of reality. The soul of piety was killed long ago by that idea of reward. Nor is happiness, whether eternal or temporal, the reward that man seeks. Happinesses are but his wayside campings; his soul is in the journey; he was born for the struggle, and only tastes his life in effort and on the condition that he is opposed. How, then, is such a creature, so fiery, so pugnacious, so made up of discontent and aspiration, and such noble and easy passions—how can he be rewarded but by rest? . . . The truth is, we must fight until we die; and when we die there can be no quiet for mankind but complete resumption into—what?—God, let us say—when all these desperate tricks will be spellbound at last.

There spoke the real Stevenson, the man apart from the artist, the Stevenson that we see lurking and brooding within the brilliant and versatile figure that flits and leaps, smiling, shouting, moaning, laughing through these volumes. If it be objected that the passage we have quoted is but the reflection of a mood, sincere to the feeling of the moment, but temporary, fugitive, read the prayer he composed and read aloud to his family the evening before his death:

We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof; weak men and women, subsisting under the covert of Thy patience.

Be patient still; suffer us yet a little longer—with our broken purposes of good, and our idle endeavours against evil—suffer us a little longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.

We thank Thee and praise Thee; and in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation.

The End of a Monumental Work.

"ITALY AND HER INVADERS,"—Vols. VII. and VIII.: *The Frankish Invasions*. By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. (Clarendon Press.)

THESE volumes close the lucid and learned work which, with Gibbon and Prof. Bury's *Later Roman Empire*, forms the necessary introduction for every student to the history of modern Europe. Dr. Hodgkin may look back with just pride upon the monumental result of his twenty-five years' labour. To characterise so familiar a book would be, at this period, superfluous. Among Dr. Hodgkin's many brilliant chapters, we may single out for especial comment that which deals with the most remarkable and far-reaching in its effects of all historical forgeries,

the Donation of Constantine. Dr. Hodgkin sketches the historical relations between the real Constantine and the real Pope Sylvester; then the "*farrago* of nonsensical romance" which, in the eighth century, passed as a genuine account of the baptism of the first Christian emperor. Actually, Constantine was baptized by an Arian bishop of Nicaea on his death-bed. According to the *Vita Sylvestri* the baptism was due to a dream in which St. Peter and St. Paul appeared to the Emperor and recommended to him the rite as an invaluable specific for the leprosy from which he suffered. The miracle worked, Constantine issued edicts in favour of Christianity, and began to build St. Peter's.

At this point, however, he receives a letter from his mother, the widowed Empress Helena, residing in Bithynia, who, while congratulating him on having renounced the worship of idols, implores him to adopt, not Christianity, but the only true religion, Judaism. Hereupon a disputation is held as to the merits of the two religions, between the Pope on one side and twelve Rabbis on the other. After argument is exhausted, recourse is had to the test of miracles. A bull is brought in, and the Rabbi who champions the faith of Moses whispers in its ear the mysterious Name revealed on Sinai. The bull falls dead, and all the bystanders feel that the Jew has triumphed; but then Sylvester draws near and whispers in the creature's ear the name of Christ, whereupon the bull comes to life again and stands upright on its feet. Then the Christian cause is admitted to have triumphed.

This fiction of the baptism of Constantine at Rome became in the eighth century the starting-point for the Donation. This professes to be a charter or deed of gift by the Emperor to Sylvester. After reciting the story of his leprosy and miraculous cure, Constantine proceeds to grant to the bishop and clergy of Rome a number of high dignities and ornaments of imperial rank, and finally declares that he hands over and relinquishes to Sylvester and his successors "our palace, the city of Rome, and all the provinces, places, and cities of Italy and the western regions," to remain for ever "under the authority of the Holy Roman Church." The origin of so amazing a document remains a matter of conjecture. Dr. Hodgkin charitably suggests that it may have been not a deliberate forgery, but a romantic *jeu d'esprit* composed by some clerk in the papal chancery, subsequently discovered among the archives, and in an uncritical age honestly taken for genuine. The suggestion would be more plausible if the Donation were more unparalleled. In any case the Donation became for the ambitious popes of the eleventh century the basis of astonishing "pretensions to rule as feudal suzerains over Italy, over the Holy Roman Empire, over the world." At the Renaissance its authority was finally destroyed by the critical *Declamatio* of Laurentius Valla, and to-day even Catholic controversialists are shy of referring to it.

Dr. Hodgkin devotes much pains to an elaborate picture of the court of Charlemagne at Aix-le-Chapelle, the record of which is a brilliant literary oasis in the midst of the Dark Ages. Charlemagne, for all the touches of the barbarian in him, was full of enthusiasm for scholarship. He prayed in Latin, and understood, though he could not speak, Greek. At dinner he was accustomed to have the "City of God," or some other work of his favourite St. Augustine, read aloud. In his wakeful nights he tried to teach himself to write, but never quite succeeded. He began to write a Frankish grammar and made a collection of national songs which would have been invaluable to the modern scholar, had not his successor, Louis the Pious, failed to preserve it. "Truly," says Dr. Hodgkin, "we at this day find it harder to forgive the *débonnaire* Louis for the loss of his father's ballad-book than even for the ruin of his father's empire." The great literary ornament of the court was the Englishman Alcuin, who became master of the palace schools, and whose letters to Charles and to various correspondents in his mother country were full of

instruction and entertainment. There were also Paulus Diaconus, and Theodulf, and Peter of Pisa, all writers of some distinction, not to speak of Angilbert, abbot of St. Riquier, and irregular son-in-law of Charles, who seems to have been the laureate of the coterie, and is familiarly spoken of by Alcuin as "Homerus." One of his poems is a long description of Aix and its court, the great baths of Apollo Grannus, with a hundred men or more, the king among them, swimming about in the wide warm pools, the royal boar-huntings, the young princesses with their "flaxen, or yet paler than flaxen," hair.

The dress of Queen Liutgarda and of Charles's six daughters is minutely described, and if we could trust the poet's accuracy we should have here a valuable piece of evidence for the attire of Frankish dames of high station; but when we find that each of the ladies goes hunting with a gold coronet on her head, in which emeralds or chrysolites or jacinths are blazing, we are forced to suspect that the picture is conventional, and that each princess insisted upon being painted in the most gorgeous of her court costumes.

Theodulf also has his picture of the court—idealised, yet attractive; and he, too, lays stress on the pleasant quality of some at least of Charles's domestic relations:

The children crowd around their father in friendly rivalry of good offices. Charles takes from him his heavy double pallium and his gloves, Louis takes his sword. The daughters receive the loving kisses of their sire. Bertha brings roses, Hostrad violets, Gisila lilies, Rothaid apples, Hiltrud bread, Theoderada wine. All these maidens wear beautiful jewels—some red, some green, golden clasps, bracelets, and necklaces. One delights her father by her graceful dance, another by her merry jokes. Then draws near the king's sister, the holy Gisila. She kisses her brother, and her placid face shows as much joy as can co-exist with her joy in the heavenly Bridegroom. She begs Charles to explain to her some dark passage of Scripture, and he teaches her that which he has himself learned of God.

Dr. Hodgkin's chronicle extends over full five hundred years. It spans a debatable land of chaos—the interval between two great organisations of Europe, the Roman Empire and the Holy Roman Empire; it deals with the most fascinating of all studies—that of the beginnings of institutions, of civilisations in the germ.

Ships Past and Present.

The Ship: Her Story. By W. Clark Russell. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

Pen and Pencil Sketches of Shipping and Craft. By R. T. Pritchett. (Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. CLARK RUSSELL disarms his critics with a suavity and thoroughness which we have rarely seen equalled: "My pages will not be accepted as a very learned or gravely important contribution to the literature of the Ship. They will be regarded as mere prattle, as we wander about the shipbuilding yard. We relate anecdotes; we crack our poor joke; we point to this and we point to that; we tell what we know and what we believe to be the truth, and if we are wrong we apologise." The critic, stripped of his weapons, can only remark that he could not have criticised the thing better. For although this book is worthy of Mr. Russell's life-long devotion to ships and their history, it is not a very informing or orderly work. It is suggestive, and picturesque; and you like Mr. Russell's breezy prejudices and comments. Moreover the book is illustrated with real art and knowledge by Mr. Seppings Wright.

Mr. Russell hastens down the ages to British ships. Here the reader will be struck with the backwardness of British shipbuilders. Down to the last century we had everything to learn from the Venetian and Genoese crafts-

men. Yet our willingness to learn was small. "Abroad they were making a fine art of the industry while we were rendering our home waters hideous with grotesque and monstrous shapes." For centuries the English shibboleth was "beam." "There was so much beam that it ended in being nearly all bow, and sailors looking over a ship's head would growl that she could shove an empty bottle a mile along with her." The most maritime nation of Europe seems to have neglected every opportunity of discovering and adopting a fine type of ship. It is curious to compare the globular creations of the early shipwrights with the vessels of the Vikings, on which Mr. Russell writes with enthusiasm. Those who built them

were men of exquisite skill in their craft. They went to the sea for ideas. They eyed the wheeling gull; they studied the motions of the fish. Clearly they produced out of themselves without reference to what had been done elsewhere. The remains of a plank-built boat were unearthed in Denmark about half a century since. She was supposed to have been as old as the fifth century; her measurement was seventy-seven feet from stem to stern. It does not appear that she borrowed help from canvas. The rowers dipped their oars in chase, and flashed the delicately-shaped structure through as fast as a gale of wind could drive her. Her sheer, her lines, are those of a clipper ship. The Yankees might have borrowed the hint of their beautiful Baltimore clippers from her.

Aft all poop, forward all forecabin, the ships of England were for long veritable tubs. We think of Raleigh's ships as handy vessels, far safer and swifter than the three-deckers of the Armada and the huge galleons they stripped on the high seas. Yet Raleigh's ship, the *Repentance*, which he renamed the *Daintie* at the behest of Elizabeth, was a ship which no harbour-master would now permit to leave an English port. Sir Walter tells how she nearly capsized at Gravesend through over-loading. In those days the lower ports of a ship were often brought nearly flush with the water owing to the weight of cargo and guns. The mere neglect to close these ports caused many a disaster. Raleigh's vessel, bowing to the wind, began to imbibe the Thames at an alarming rate. "But God was pleased that with a diligence and travail of the company she was freed of that danger, which may be a gentle warning to all such as take charge of shipping, even before they set sail in river or harbour, to have an eye to their ports."

Readers of Mr. Clark Russell's novels will not need to be told that his affections are given to the superb wooden sailing-ships which England began to build at the beginning of this century. The old East Indiamen, and the later tea-clippers in the China trade, have Mr. Russell's exulting praise. The tea-clippers sent afloat between 1860 and 1872 will never, Mr. Russell thinks, be excelled as ocean-going ships. Unfortunately Mr. Russell's happiness is as brief as the period. He does not like the iron sailing-ships which are now built. He does not like very big sailing-ships like the *France*, and for such monsters as the new *Oceanic* he has words of deprecation and warning. But he believes in the best—not the largest—type of steamships.

Mr. Pritchett's book is the complement of Mr. Russell's. It is a series of notes and drawings of ships and craft of all nations, and is retrospective only by accident. Mr. Pritchett is marine painter to the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and in the course of many voyages in the *Wanderer* and the *Sunbeam* he has observed shipping with a professional eye. Hence he can give us drawings of Dutch pinks and Burmese rice-boats, of Turkish caiques and Singapore kolehs. The interest of his book centres, however, in types nearer home. Like Mr. Russell, Mr. Pritchett has words of the warmest praise and regret for the superb sailing-ships which our mercantile marine boasted early in the reign of Queen Victoria. He tells how the China tea-clippers, when they received the new tea-crops, raced each other to London. They

shook out their sails at Canton or Shanghai while the last cases of tea were coming on board, and after a race of twenty thousand miles through all climates and conditions they frequently arrived in the Thames within forty-eight hours of each other. The captain of the winning vessel is said to have received £500 as his reward. This grand type of sailing-ship disappeared with the opening of the Suez Canal and the advent of steam.

So quaint a vessel as the Dutch eel schuyt is familiar to Londoners. Three such vessels always lie off Billingsgate, and their peculiar build and confusion of eel baskets and other gear make them a delightful incident in the Pool. It is by maintaining never fewer than three of these vessels at this spot that the Dutch enjoy the privileges of a charter granted them four centuries ago. Not in all that time have the shape and rig of these schuyts altered, as anyone may see who compares them with Vandevelde's pictures in the National Gallery. The conservatism of the Dutch boatbuilders is remarkable. Thus the Scheveningen herring boats—Mesdag's boats—do not suffer change. Mr. Pritchett says:

Their dimensions, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, alter not. Length, 40 ft.; beam, 20 ft.; depth, 12 ft. Some years ago, when the builder at Scheveningen was asked if he always built to those dimensions, he said: "Yes, always. Would you believe, sir, that a man came to me wanting me to build him a junk 40 ft. by 19 ft.?" "19 ft.!" No, sir, you are foppish; you must go," answered the builder.

This reply smacks of Dr. Johnson in his most robust mood of contradiction. The pinks are brought to shore with sail set, and allowed to ground themselves among the breakers. Then, when the tide goes down, the herring-boats and fish-wives cluster round, and Mesdag sets his easel. Mr. Pritchett's drawings are sketchy but informing, and his book is a thoroughly interesting product alike in its text and illustrations.

"The Man Behind the Scenes."

Memoirs and Correspondence of Lyon Playfair, First Lord Playfair of St. Andrews. By Wemyss Reid. (Cassell. 21s.)

It is a tribute to the abilities of the late Lord Playfair that while one section of the world hailed him as a good man gained, another section shook their heads over him as a good man lost. To the world of pure science, which saw in him an original investigator and thinker of great promise, his diversion into the field of politics and practical reform came as a disappointment; but to the successive governments which employed him on difficult and important Commissions his wide knowledge, tact, and unsparing capacity for work rendered him an invaluable adherent. The truth is, that Playfair inherited from his Scottish ancestry two sterling qualities of the race, either of which, but not both, he had the power of developing to its utmost extent: his taste for scientific research, and his talent for organisation and reform. As a youth he made one or two false starts, first in business and then in medicine; finally he took to chemistry, and, after studying for a time under Graham in London, became one of the most successful pupils and associates at Giessen of the great Liebig, whose work on agricultural chemistry he translated and published in England. Playfair, in his autobiographical memoir which forms the groundwork of this volume, records his astonishment at receiving an invitation from Peel, whom he did not know, to visit him at Drayton Manor, and was inclined to suspect a practical joke. Reassured upon this point, however, by Buckland, who was also invited, he went, and must have been still more astonished at being offered by the Prime Minister, on

consideration of his staying in England, a written memorandum promising him the first vacancy for employment. The memorandum he wisely declined, but the employment followed soon, first in the shape of an investigation, with



Lyon Playfair

the great Bunsen, into the chemical reactions which take place inside a blast furnace, and shortly afterwards as one of the experts appointed on a Royal Commission to inquire into the sanitary state of large towns. At this date, 1844, the conditions of life, of sewerage, of ventilation, and of water supply in English towns was incredibly bad; and in Lancashire, the district chosen by Playfair, was almost worse than anywhere else. The Commission did their work with great thoroughness, and their reports remain to this day the chief authority on questions of sanitary legislation. As soon as the inquiry was at an end Playfair was offered, and accepted, the appointment of chemist to the Geological Survey, and began to devote himself to those agricultural considerations which were so much needed, as well as to various questions affecting the public health.

In his new capacity he drew up several valuable reports on questions as diverse as the sanitation of Buckingham Palace, the best coal to be used in the navy, and the failure of the potato crop which led to the great Irish famine. It was a period of disastrous accidents in coal-mines, and Playfair was called upon more than once at the risk of his life to report on outbreaks of firedamp. Generally speaking, however, his life was uneventful, until in 1850 his remarkable capacity for smoothing away difficulties led to his being appointed one of the organisers of the Great Exhibition. The whole scheme at this date was in danger of being wrecked by mutual jealousies within and fierce opposition outside the executive. Playfair's own appointment, which seemed to oust Sir Henry Cole from the chief place, was for the moment a fresh cause of trouble, but his tact saved the situation. The public has never known to what an extent the success of the Great Exhibition was due to his efforts, for he remained essentially "the man behind the scenes"; but the Queen and the Prince Consort were well aware of it, and the latter to the day of his death never failed to consult Playfair on any matter of emergency.

During the Crimean War Playfair came forward in a new capacity as an inventor of diabolical shells for poisoning the enemy or setting fire to their property. The invention was declined by the War Office on humanitarian grounds.

There is no sense [he scathingly writes] in this objection. It is considered a legitimate mode of warfare to fill shells with molten metal which scatters among the enemy and produces the most frightful modes of death. Why a poisonous vapour which would kill men without suffering is to be considered illegitimate warfare is incomprehensible. War is destruction, and the more destructive it can be made with the least suffering the sooner will be ended that barbarous method of protecting national rights.

In 1858, when he was in his fortieth year, Lyon Playfair applied for and obtained the professorship of chemistry at Edinburgh, then one of the most highly coveted posts of its class. He hoped to have leisure to resume his scientific researches, but once more he was doomed to disappointment. Royal Commissions upon the Cattle Plague, and the Herring Fisheries, and an International Exhibition in 1862, claimed his services, and in 1868 the extension of popular representation to the Scotch Universities singled him out for Parliament, in which he sat for a memorable seventeen years of his life as member for the Edinburgh University. He warmly espoused the cause of vaccination, and he was the author of the Bill for imposing legislative restrictions upon vivisection. He also championed the cause of margarine — "the poor man's butter" — and secured the legalisation of its sale. In his old capacity as "the man behind the scenes" he was still invaluable, especially during the party differences which followed the resignation of Mr. Gladstone. His later years of active life were happily devoted to the unification of American and British interests, for which work he had a special fitness, having married an American wife, and being closely allied by ties of friendship with leading men in America. During the strained and anxious period of the Venezuelan dispute he was in continuous requisition as a go-between, and although Mr. Cleveland's diplomatic manners made the task an especially difficult one, he was fortunate in seeing his efforts and the patience of the British Government crowned with success. He was created Lord Playfair on Mr. Gladstone's re-accession in 1892, and died only last year, at the age of eighty.

The memoir is full of good things for which it is difficult to find space. The following instance, however, of the way in which he was constantly surprised to find himself famous in out-of-the-way places deserves to be given. He had gone with a friend, when on a visit to Canada, to inspect some mines of mineral phosphate at Lièvre :

The manager of these was a Scotchman, tall, big-boned, with the strongest Glasgow Doric in his tongue. At first he was obdurate, and desired us to leave the ground and to drop the specimens which we had taken before he appeared. At last I addressed him in good Scotch, and asked him whether he thought I was a mining adventurer. "Ay! that's just what ye are." "No," I replied, "I am a Scotch professor." "Then if ye are, ye'll be havin' a name." "My name," I said, "is Playfair." "Man!" said my Scotch friend, "are ye Lyon Playfair?" I assured him I was, but expressed surprise that he knew the name, to which he replied, looking from his six feet two inches with compassion on my five feet four inches, "Hoot, man, yer name's travelled further than yer wee legs will ever carry ye."

Pleasant, too, and typical of his generosity, is the story of how an unknown correspondent once sent him a postal order for 17s. 6d. with the following letter of explanation: "You may not remember the circumstance, but many years ago I accosted you one night in the docks at Liverpool, and begged for assistance. You found you had no money, but you took off your coat and gave me your waistcoat. Since then I have made a fortune and I now repay you."

Credit must be given to Sir Wemyss Reid for his careful arrangement of the scattered documents and facts in this Memoir, and his lucid passages of explanation. The autobiographical notes themselves would give an inadequate idea of Lord Playfair's great services to the cause of applied science in England. What they lack in this respect Sir Wemyss Reid has admirably supplied.

The World-Wide Empire.

Under Queen and Khedive. By Sir Walter Miéville. (Heinemann. 6s.)

The Expansion of Egypt. By A. Silva White. (Methuen. 15s.)

Rulers of India: Bábar. By Stanley Lane Poole. (Oxford: University Press.)

The British Empire Series. I. India; II. Africa. (Kegan Paul.)

Founders of the Empire. By Philip Gibbs. (Cassell.)

SIR WALTER MIÉVILLE'S book, *Under Queen and Khedive*, is a purely personal narrative, describing Sir Walter's work and life in Egypt first as a Consular official of the Queen, and afterwards as President of the Maritime and Quarantine Council under the Khedive. The fact that it is a personal account of the work of an Egyptian official gives it the touch of actuality which is not usually to be found in histories and semi-official compilations. Sir Walter Miéville was the man who fought the cholera in Egypt, and was so heartily abused by the reptile French press of Egypt for so doing. It is pleasant to have to add that the virulent attacks levelled at him by the enemies of England and Egypt had no effect on Lord Cromer and the Foreign Office, except perhaps to make them value Sir Walter's services all the more. The cause of this excellent official's retirement was ill-health brought about by over-work, and this has been the fate of too many men who have given the best part of their lives to the public service in Egypt and elsewhere.

Mr. A. Silva White's book is a mass of information conveyed in readable form, and gives an outline of the history and all the physical and political factors of the problems which face this country in its future action in Egypt. Mr. White's style is somewhat vitiated by his desire to work on the lines of Paley's *Evidences*, and to build up his propositions with mathematical regularity and accuracy. But, setting this aside, *The Expansion of Egypt* is skilfully put together, and the whole tone and plan of the book beyond reproach. Mr. White puts the annexation down for 1905. It is a prophecy well worth bearing in mind. The appendices, which include some of the firmans governing Egypt, the decree establishing the *Caisse de la Dette*, the organic laws of Egypt, and so on, are very valuable; and the maps giving the orographic features, the climatological data, the zones of vegetation, and the political boundaries add to the completeness of the volume.

No one is better qualified than Mr. Stanley Lane Poole to write of the monarchs of the East, and few potentates are better worth a biography than Bábar, the first of the great Moghuls, and our predecessor as ruler of India. Bábar had but a short life, but every hour of it was fully employed. He was born in 1483, and at the age of eleven inherited the kingdom of Farghána from his father, Omar Shaikh, the great-great-grandson of Tamerlane. But it is one thing to inherit and another to enjoy, and the child prince spent the next ten years of his life struggling for his inheritance—one day a deserted exile among the hills, the next a king with a large army; one day on the throne of his ancestors, the next with no man so poor to do him homage. Twice in those ten years he conquered Samarkand,

the city of his great ancestor, and twice he lost it, till, at the age of twenty-one, he was but one of a crowd of struggling princes contending for the fragments of Tamerlane's empire between the Oxus and the Jaxartes. Then, in 1504, he set out for Cabul, and conquered the throne of Afghanistan. Samarkand being lost to him, he finally



BÁBAR.

From an Indian Drawing of the Sixteenth Century.

turned his attention to India, and, bursting through the Afghan passes by the immemorial road of conquest founded an empire in India which lasted in the hands of his descendants to our own day. From the age of eleven onwards he never kept the Feast of Bairam twice in the same place. His bodily strength was marvellous, and he was perpetually in the saddle, riding sometimes eighty miles a day. But besides being a great leader of men he was a poet and naturalist, and a wonderful organiser and legislator. His life is a very romance, and needs telling with a greater rush and sweep of words than Mr. Lane Poole employs. Bábar died in 1530, at the age of forty-eight, his years having been crowded with events, with hardships, tumults, and strenuous energy. Out of nothing he made an empire by strength of body and force of will, and his headlong career proves the adage that men are nothing, but Man is everything.

The collection of books entitled the "British Empire" series will be complete in five volumes, of which *India*—covering also Ceylon, Straits Settlements, British North Borneo, and Hongkong—and *Africa* have been issued. *India* is introduced in an excellent article by Sir Raymond West, who takes up the attitude of an impartial looker-on. There are some two dozen articles in the volume, of which "Madras" is by Lord Wenlock, and "Bombay" by Lord Harris, each one an ex-governor; the Punjab, by Sir J. B. Lyall; the Central Provinces, by Sir Charles Grant; Hindu, Mohammedan, and Parsee Women, by writers of those communities; and the Administration of Justice in India, by Romesh Dutt, who exemplifies in his own person the remark made by Sir Raymond West in the

Introduction, that "there is amongst the educated classes in India a disposition to take all that has been done, all that has been conceded as a mere matter of course, all that has been withheld as a just ground for discontent."

Africa, the second volume, is constructed on the same principles as *India*. Mr. J. Scott Keltie supplies the Introduction. Sir David Tennant deals with the Cape of Good Hope, Sir Sidney Sheppard with Bechuanaland, while Rhodesia is allotted to no fewer than three writers. Mr. W. Y. Campbell writes a just and excellent article on the Transvaal, and his array of figures and facts is well done in small compass; Mr. Fox Bourne writes in familiar, but restrained, style on Natives under British Rule in South Africa; Sir Henry Colville on Uganda; and Miss Kingsley supplies one of her racy and characteristic papers on "Life in West Africa." It is odd to find an article by the worthy but wrong-headed Miss Colenso in an English book. Its proper place is, rather, in an Anglophobe boulevard newspaper; but its appearance here is a signal proof of the tolerance of the nation, and of its willingness to hear both sides of a question. These volumes are valuable, but they must be read with discrimination and knowledge, and can hardly be looked upon as text-books. Both are adorned with excellent maps, and supplied with appendices which convey a great deal of useful information in a very small space. Future volumes will deal with "America," "Australasia," and "General."

With these books on the Empire of Greater Britain may be included Mr. Philip Gibbs's little work on *Founders of the Empire*. It is a volume for boys on the lives of such men as Alfred the Great, Sir Francis Drake, Clive, Wolfe, Nelson, Wellington, and others who helped to lay the foundations of the Empire. Mr. Gibbs is a little arbitrary in the choice of some of his heroes, but still the book is a good one for boys, and will aid them to understand how the British Empire, as we know it, is not the creation of a day, but the outcome of long years of evolution and strenuous endeavour.

The Brutalising Sea.

The Log of a Sea Waif. By F. T. Bullen. (Smith & Elder. 8s. 6d.)

WHAT is it that so brutalises the men that go down to the sea in sailing ships, or at least in such ships as Mr. Bullen, who has had an average sailor's career, has sailed in? All that poets, and even ordinary persons, find in "the mother and lover of men, the sea," has for the crew of these vessels no existence; the sea's beauty and terror, its mystery and immensity, its power to soothe and simplify and efface—all are inoperative. The skies are fair, the waters are foam-crested purple, the sunset is a supreme glory, the stars shine with an austere serenity that catches the breath, and it is all in vain; within the walls of such vessels as Mr. Bullen describes out of his long experience man is, the while, foul-mouthed, sullen, tyrannical, besotted. It puzzles us completely. Why are tramp seamen the wastrels of the earth? Why are tramp mates inhuman monsters? Why are tramp skippers heavy-handed bullies? On liners, on men-of-war, there is good-comradeship among officers and men. Why is it that Mr. Bullen's merchant mates cannot give orders without suggesting the slave-driver? One answer is, that few men are strong enough not to abuse the authority which command at sea gives them. The captain of a merchant ship, once it leaves port, is an absolute autocrat, and few men can stand such a position. Hence, on the part of the officers, unjust overbearance and self-indulgence, and, on the part of the crew, cowed submission and a deplorably low intellectual plane. Steam has altered things for the better, for the chief

engineer and his staff, being largely independent of the captain—although, of course, under his orders—and keeping much to themselves, constitute a body of criticism which in a sailing ship is wanting.

These remarks are, however, somewhat beside the mark, except in leading to the confession that we are getting very tired indeed of the multiplication of books about brutal skippers, brutal mates, and brutal—but less offensively so—seamen. It is enough that they existed, and do exist; we do not want to read of them any more—except, perhaps, incidentally. Mr. Bullen showed what he could do in this way in his *Cruise of the "Cachalot,"* which we thought in the main an exceedingly capable work, and we are irritated to find that descriptions of other degraded forecastles and outrageous cabins bulk so largely in that volume's companion, *The Log of a Sea Waif*. We do not doubt for a moment that Mr. Bullen went through all that he depicts; but it does not interest us to read it. The *Cachalot* gave us as much as we wanted, with the exciting and interesting account of whaling to overweight it. Here there is no whaling.

Mr. Bullen, however, always keeps to the point, is always patient and careful, is always credible, and occasionally gives us very good things indeed. His story of Peter, the worn-out old sailor, who died during a long calm, is excellent. At the moment he died the wind rose:

At last one night, when old Peter was holding his usual *levée*, he suddenly raised his voice, and authoritatively demanded that his auditors should bear him on to the fore-castle head. They instantly obeyed, lifting him tenderly upon his mattress, and laying him gently beside the captain. Then all hands gathered round him in the darkness, only the glow of the pipes fitfully illuminating the rugged countenances. Slowly the moon rose, but sent no silvery pathway across the sea, until suddenly, as if with a great effort, she broke through the hampering mist-wraths that seemed to clog her upward way. A pure, pale beam shot right athwart our vessel, lighting up the little group of watchers on the fore-castle, and lingering as if lovingly upon the withered, weather-scarred face of our shipmate. As it did so he smiled—a patient, happy smile—his lips unclosed, and, with a sigh of relief like a weary child, he died.

Breaking the steadfast silence came the mate's mellow cry, "Square the mainyard!" As the men rose to obey, a gentle breath, welcome as the first thrill of returning health, kissed the tanned faces. Slowly the great yards swung round, a pleasant murmuring as of a mountain rivulet arose from the bows, and the long calm was over.

Mr. Bullen does not often, in this work, write as well as in that last sentence. He has a habit of needlessly extending his remarks. Wishing to say, for example, that, when a small boy, he repented of joining his first ship, he writes: "So forbidding and hopeless was the outlook that, had it been practicable, I should certainly have retreated." Mr. Bullen, who has seen so much that is wonderful, and has so deep a reverence for the beauty of the sea and of nature, might well try always to say things a little more simply. One interesting comment we may note. "Coleridge's simile, 'As silent as a painted ship upon a painted ocean,' is," he says, "only a poet's licence, and grates upon a seaman." No ship is ever quite motionless, however calm it be.

Gay Rhymes from the Isis.

Lyra Frivola. By A. D. Godley. (Methuen.)

THE art of writing light verse that is fluent and crisp and intelligent is to be won only with much fasting. Light verse that is merely fluent is simple; light verse that is intelligent is not rare; but light verse that puts things so well that it has all the ease—with twice the felicity—of prose is very rare indeed. Of this art Calverley is the

master. No one has attained to a similar cleanness of phrase, directness of expression, and inevitableness and naturalness of rhyme. Mr. Godley, whose little book lies before us, is, although an Oxonian, of the Calverley school.

When autumn's winds denude the grove,
I seek my Lecture, where it lurks
'Mid the unpublished portion of
My works,

And ponder, while its sheets I scan,
How many years away have slipt
Since first I penned that ancient man-
uscript.

I know thee well—nor can mistake
The old accustomed pencil stroke
Denoting where I mostly make
A joke—

Or where coy brackets signify
Those echoes faint of classic wit
Which, if a lady's present, I
Omit.

Indirectly, perhaps, but of a surety, C. S. C. is the begetter of that verse form. His pupil, however, takes liberties which the master would not have sanctioned. Calverley would not have rhymed "imprisoned" and "isn't," "emptied" and "dreamt it," although this stanza from the same piece would have pleased him:

"Of course," you cry, "some brainless lad,
Some scion of ancient Tories,
Bob Acres, sent to Oxford ad
Emolliendos mores,
Meant but to drain the festive glass
And win the athlete's pewter!"
There you are wrong: this person was
That undergraduate's Tutor.

Mr. Godley rhymes with singular skill now and then, and his metre never fails to run trippingly. Like most other humorous poets of the day he has his quatrains in the manner of Omar—the "Rubaiyat of Moderations":

Wake, for the Nightingale upon the Bough
Has sung of Moderations: ay, and now
Pales in the Firmament above the Schools
The Constellation of the boding Plough.

I, too, in distant Ages long ago
To him that ploughed me gave a Quid or so:
It was a fraud: it was not good enough;
Ne'er for my Quid had I my *Quid pro quo*.

But Mr. Godley, though very true to his *Alma Mater*, is not exclusively filial. His "Song for the Navy League," with its visions of scholarly bluejackets, needs no university sympathies for its appreciation. This is the conclusion:

Should he e'er be inclined his Tutors and Deans to look
with contempt upon
(Observing the maxims of Raleigh and Drake, who never
thought much of a Don),
Let him think there are things in the nautical line that
even a Don can do,
For only too well are examiners versed in the way to
plough the Blue.

Though a captain *per se* is an excellent thing for repelling
his country's foes,
He is better by far as an engine of war with a knowledge
of Logic and Prose.
And a bold A.B. is the nation's pride in his rude uncultured
way,
But prouder still will the nation be when he's also a bold
B.A.

CHORUS.

For the Horse Marine will be Tutor and Dean in the glorious
days to be,
With his 'Yo, heave ho,' and his *δὴ ῥέ*, and a Master
Arts degree!

Other New Books.

MR. BLACKBURNE'S GAMES AT CHESS.

EDITED BY P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

This is a book for chess-players, but Mr. Graham's Introduction has a more general interest. It is not necessary to play a game or practise an art in order to feel an interest in the champion of that game or art. Mr. Blackburne is the champion of English chess. Indeed, Mr. Graham is inclined to see in him "the *ultimus Romanorum*, the last of the great English chess players." The younger masters—Lasker, Pillsbury, Janowski, Marocsy, Lipke, and Charousek—are not Englishmen. The truth is that professional chess does not pay in England. Mr. Graham is frank enough to hint that this may not be a matter for regret, and we agree with him; but Mr. Blackburne's genius for the game, and his life-long devotion to it, are admirable. Born in Manchester in 1842, Mr. Blackburne began as a player of draughts. It was not until 1860 that he learned the moves of chess; but his powers developed fast, so fast that there was soon a crowd of admirers to lure and push him into the Bohemian life of a regular chess-player. From that time onwards Blackburne has waged and usually won battles of high chess.

Mr. Blackburne plays with an English calm which contrasts with the agitations of many of his foreign opponents. Yet the strain of a tournament tells on him as on others. Mr. Graham draws a curiously frank and rather gruesome picture of the effect of a great chess tournament on players:

The brainwork and anxiety develop all the physical weaknesses of the players; if a man has an infirmity, he becomes more infirm; if he is subject to disease the disease is almost certain to attack him. Mr. Blackburne is no exception to this rule, and the end of a congress generally brings on the bronchial complaint from which he has suffered so much. And the development of physical weaknesses is the least of it. The mental strain produces effects still more disagreeable. These modern gladiators, though they wage war only with harmless bits of wood, engage in as cruel a conflict as ever did those who wielded the sword and the *retaliarius*. Not only money and fame, but even the means of livelihood depend on the issue, and when the last games come to be played, and those who have hoped against hope begin to see at last that victory is not for them, dejection and depression seize even on the light-hearted, and losers have been found sobbing like children in the corridors. On the other hand, I can fancy I see old Andersen leaning on his stick and flinging his hat in the air with joy when sure of the first prize, and Marocsy clapped his hands with boyish glee when he won the last of his games in 1899.

Blackburne's calm in these "cruel" conflicts has earned him the titles of "The Giant," "The Man with the Iron Nerves," and "Black Death."

As a tournament player Mr. Graham thinks that Mr. Blackburne has never had an equal; but in personal matches his success has not been quite so absolute. Mr. Graham finds an explanation for this which is the more interesting on account of the analogy drawn between chess and literature:

In chess it is exactly the same as in literature—talent is always more sure of success than genius. The most ordinary "wood-shifter," by long study and analysis, can acquire a steady defensive style of wood-shifting, and if patient and fairly intelligent can work up to a high standard of play. One of his sources of strength is that he depends entirely on what, as a Scot would say, "is putten in wi' a spune." Any man of sound, clear common sense could become a chess-player of the first rank provided always that the fire and shadow of passion and fancy did not interfere with the steady, cold, calculating brain. But genius is something other, something beyond the first rank, and it is rare in chess as it is in letters. You could count on one hand all who deserve the name. I would go to the *Café de la Regence* for the first, for Philidor is the leader of

the moderns. Breslau would give us the next, in point of time at all events; but who shall decide whether Anderssen was greater or less than Paul Morphy? With these the subject of this memoir deserves a place. He, too, has something beyond a talent for the game—he has genius. And I by no means say that this gift is always a blessing to its possessor. Talent is more under command, is more manageable, and while it is content to labour, genius has a haughty self-reliance that is not always justified. But just as one would never dream of admitting a man's name into the brief list of great writers simply on account of a vast sale of books, so the genius of a chess-player is demonstrated not by his victories but by the quality of his play. A modern match, indeed, is largely a trial of patience. Each competitor gets up an opening—a safe and sound one like the Ruy Lopez or the Queen's Gambit—and day after day toils at its variations. Genius will never shine at that task—you might as well harness Pegasus to a broomstick.

This book contains record of all Mr. Blackburne's best games, selected and annotated by himself. Their value to students of chess cannot be exaggerated, and Mr. Graham has imparted to the collection a decided human interest. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

ENGLISH EMBROIDERED BINDINGS. BY CYRIL DAVENPORT.

This is the first volume in a series of monographs on English books. The national character of the series will probably prove its best justification, for the tendency to look abroad for examples of the book-making arts has been overdone. Aldines and Elzevirs and French bindings have been allowed to elbow English productions out of the view of students, the very catholicity of taste shown by English collectors having contributed to this state of things. Mr. Pollard justly pleads that Touchstone's remark: "A poor thing, but mine own," might have been applied to this field of study with pleasant results. Moreover, he contends—and it is a tolerably safe contention—that "there is no art or craft connected with books in which England, at one time or another, has not held the primacy in Europe." A series of books which merely seized on these points and periods of supremacy would be highly useful, and the present series promises to include this treatment in its scope.

Mr. Cyril Davenport's volume deals with embroidered bindings in canvas, velvet, and satin. English binders used these materials with great freedom throughout the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and their productions are quite worthy of separate study. Mr. Davenport reduces the subject to speedy order, showing the consecutive use of canvas, velvet, and satin, and the growth of design in each material. One of the most interesting examples reproduced in the book is Queen Elizabeth's MS. *The Miroir or Glasse of the Synneful Soul*, translated by the princess in her eleventh year "out of frenche ryme to english prose, joyning the sentences together as well as the capacite of my symple witte and small lerning coulede extende themselves." The book is one of the best-known treasures of the Bodleian Library. Many other examples of testaments, psalters, and prayer-books are reproduced and discussed by Mr. Davenport, who has done a real service to English bibliography. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

SHETLAND FOLK-LORE. BY JOHN SPENCE, F.E.I.S.

Mr. Spence gives a liberal interpretation to the term "folk-lore," and devotes at least half his volume to an account of "The Picts and their Brochs" and other "Pre-historic Remains" of Shetland. He does not appear to be a very scientific anthropologist, for he thinks that Baal was worshipped at the Beltane, and identifies the "Finns" or sorcerers of local belief not with the "Fenians" of Celtic mythology, but with imaginary descendants of an early Finnish population of the islands. It would, therefore, have been well if he had distinguished a little more

carefully between what in his book is due to first-hand observation, and what to learned theory. His account, however, of the beliefs, festivities, and pastimes of Shetlanders in the present and in the immediate past is interesting. The interpretation of the following charm, of which variants are found elsewhere, is a pleasing exercise of ingenuity:

Da twal, da twal Apostles;
Da 'leven, da 'leven Evangelists;
Da ten, da ten Commandments;
Da nine, da brazen shiners;
Da eight, da holy waters;
Da seven, da stars o' heaven;
Da six, Creation's dawnin';
Da five, da timblers o' da bools;
Da four, da gospel makers;
Da tree, da triddle treevers;
Da twa lily white boys that clothe themselves in green;
Da een, da een dat walks alon', an' evermore sall rue.

The curious sword dance which Sir Walter Scott found in Papa Stour appears to be now forgotten in Shetland. At least, Mr. Spence does not mention it. (Lerwick: Johnson & Greig.)

BOHEMIAN PARIS OF TO-DAY.

BY W. C. MORROW.

If we could choose an age and a place we should choose to be twenty and a student at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris. Responsibility rests lightly on the shoulders of the Paris art student, or rather it betakes itself elsewhere; black care does not sit behind him as he mounts the "imperiale" of the omnibus which shall presently clamber the heights of Montmartre; the world is his oyster, and oysters in Paris are plentiful, cheap, and succulent. And Mr. Morrow has chosen the right way to describe this life of irresponsible gaiety, in which work is fun and even pleasure is not a toil. He lies back, as it were, in an easy chair and gossips, dropping in the French phrase where the English fails, just as is natural with the American student in Paris. Lurid little pictures are given, too, dropped over the end of a cigarette, notably of the artist who made sketches in a *café* for a few *sous* apiece to keep the wolf from the door. Indeed, it is only when the author forgets that he is talking and imagines he is writing that he fails and becomes absurd. But that is rare.

Viewed, then, as the talk of an observant man, who sits on the corner of a studio table and tells stories, the book is amusing, instructive, admirable. Here, for instance, is a sketch of the "Beaux Arts" on a Monday morning, when the model for the week is chosen, and occasionally a new girl model is broken in. There is no privacy. The students gather round to observe. Then:

Frightened, trembling, blushing furiously, she ascends the throne, and innocently assuming the most awkward and ridiculous poses, forgetting in that terrible moment the poses she had learned so well under the tutelage of her friends. It is then that the fendishness of the students rises to its greatest height. Dazed and numb, she hardly comprehends the ordeal through which she is now put. The students have adopted a grave and serious bearing, and solemnly ask her to assume the most outlandish and ungraceful poses. Then come long and mock-earnest arguments about her figure. . . . Then they put her through the most absurd evolutions to prove their points. At last she is made to don her hat and stockings; and the students form a ring about her and dance and shout until she is ready to faint.

"It isn't brute; it's boy." Perhaps Mr. Kipling's apology for *Stalky & Co.* will scarcely hold in this case. However, the model gains confidence with time, as may be learned from Mr. Morrow's amusing description of the "Bal des Quatr' Arts," which would infallibly cost any London house of entertainment its licence. But it should be added that none but genuine students—with their models—are admitted. Of the extraordinary *cafés* of

Montmartre, too, in which every convention is slapped in the face, Mr. Morrow chatters pleasantly. In the "Cabaret du Soliel d'Or" he saw Verlaine, who came in unexpectedly with Bi-Bi-dans-la-Purée, the absinthe-soaked outcast, who is still to be seen with a roll of MS. under his arm in Montmartre:

The musical director, as well as a number of others in the place, stepped forward, and, with touching deference and tenderness, greeted the remarkable man and his two companions. It was easy to pick out Verlaine without relying on the special distinction with which he was greeted. He had the oddest slanting eyes, a small, stubby nose, and wiry whiskers, and his massive forehead heavily overhung his queerly shaped eyes. He was all muffled up to the chin; wore a badly soiled hat and a shabby dark coat. Under one arm he carried a small black portfolio. Several of the women ran to him and kissed him on both cheeks, which salutations he heartily returned, with interest.

So does Mr. Morrow gossip of his years at the "Beaux Arts"; and it must be confessed that his talk, though artless, is frank and amusing. M. Cucuel's illustrations are as admirable as they are plentiful. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

Fiction.

The Ship of Stars. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.
(Cassell & Co. 6s.)

MR. QUILLER-COUCH surrounds a somewhat hackneyed plot with a charm so personal and veracious that we may not question his right to launch his craft under so ambitious a title. The impressions of dreamy boyhood have seldom been more happily recorded than in the early history of Taffy, and it would be difficult to praise too warmly the narrative of his clerical father's connexion with the fox-hunting squire's spiritual throes, and the brutal and despotic way in which that ruffian attended to the welfare of his own soul. A man with humour and fancy need not bind himself to the convention of melodrama, and Mr. Quiller-Couch's story would have been better if he had shaken his head at that bedizened muse. But, no! he could not help giving us the handsome young Steerforth—we beg pardon, George Vyell—and as handsomely killing him off. Effective, but cheap, and smacking of the factory where minor fictions are made; but at least he did not make his heroine marry both sullied George and starry Taffy in turn. Taffy would have none of her, but sailed on unwedded in his "ship of stars."

There is plenty of salt spray dashing through the story, which is remarkable on account of its glamour of childhood and by virtue of a figure astonishingly grotesque and lively—that of a revivalist Jack of all Trades, who calls himself the King's Postman. This is the way he talks to the squire:

Try, brother, keep on trying. O, I've knowed cases—You can never tell how near salvation is. One minute's the heart's like a stone, and the next may be 'tis melted and singing like fat in a pan. . . . Ay, glory, glory! You've been a doubter. . . . Soon you'll be a shouter. Man, you'll dance like as David danced before the Ark! You'll feel it in your toes!

And yet the figure of God's Postman is never wholly ludicrous. His egoism, his teachableness, his sincerity, are too well observed. He and the earlier Taffy are quite genuine, and deserve to live when the book is closed. Of the manner of Mr. Quiller-Couch's essays in criticism there is never a hint in these pages. It is to be hoped that his release from the position of a Pontifical talker may result in a whole-hearted surrender to his real vocation, and that vocation is to write simple tales cunningly—tales like "Noughts and Crosses" and the interior narrative of this one, not quite buried, not unrecognisable as a star in the larger shape which contains it.

Young April. By Egerton Castle.
(Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

Young April is an admirable type of the high-class light serial—gay, yet with a due touch of melancholy, well-mannered yet audacious, idyllic yet discreetly hinting at the world's hardness. Life and character seen through the petals of a rose, and described with a touch which caresses but never grasps—that is *Young April*. Mr. Castle acquits himself very well: he is never crude, never relies upon the sensations of "To be continued," never through uncertainty or carelessness wanders outside his convention. You may deride the convention, saying that it is narrow and excessively artificial, and that it holds few possibilities; but Mr. Castle indubitably had the right to select his own convention, and to make what he could of it. He has at any rate made something of it; his work will appeal to many, and those not the least cultured. It is scarcely literature, but it is a passable substitute, at once bright, varied, frolicsome, and tender. More, it may be read very easily and very quickly.

In *Young April* we are introduced to a young man doing the grand tour with his tutor, the Rev. Smiley. (Time vague, but before railways.) The Rev. Smiley one morning has the satisfaction of learning that his ward has succeeded to a dukedom. His Grace at once determines to rid himself of the Rev. Smiley, and, having seized the money bags of the expedition, makes off in the guise of a postilion to a *prima donna*, with whom he is soon on terms.

With little screams, the *prima donna* still sought her belongings. If the Duke impeded rather than aided her efforts, who shall blame him? But everyone knows that to stoop after such a fashion is bound to bring the blood to the head, and once a man of twenty gets the blood to his head he is apt to do singular things. For the third time Eva Visconti's curls swept the Englishman's cheek.

"I have got the spoon!" she cried; and raised an innocently triumphant face.

"Oh," said the Duke, "how beautiful you are!"

He slipped his arm round her waist, and planted a kiss straight upon her lips.

The lady wasted no energy upon screams or protestation, but her open palm descended upon the boy's cheek with the report of a pistol.

Via the *prima donna*, the very youthful Duke of Rochester speedily arrives at adventures which have for their theatre a royal court, with a king and queen, and chivalry and loveliness to watch. Another woman supervenes, together with duels and so forth; but the resultant emotions are not permanent, and at the end the Duke is in his library, with faded ink and a dried flower.

Life had given the man no more than this—an April month, a memory of folly and frolic, of joy and of the bitterness which paid for it, a kiss from an idealised woman under a starlit sky—and these relics.

Mr. Castle seems to take a singular pride in his quotations. They range with graceful catholicity from Shakespeare to Edmund Rostand, but we scarcely see why he should have begun his book with a list of them.

An Englishman. By Mary L. Pendered.
(Methuen & Co. 6s.)

In this novel, at once sound and diverting, Miss Pendered depicts the life of a small provincial town of middle England. Market Grazen is apparently the local metropolis of an agricultural district; it touches the large landowner on one side and the roving Socialist candidate for Parliament on the other. The tradesmen of the town and their various folk are made the principal characters in the book, and chief among them is Michael Rolf, grocer, cricketer, and athlete—the "Englishman" of the title.

Michael's young sister Nanny required something between a companion and a governess, and it was in response to his advertisement that Maia Lovel, a young woman of aristocratic birth and the highest education, came down into Market Grazen to fill a position in the Rolf household. Maia came not because she must, but because she would. She had a fancy to earn her living. The enterprise begun she did not look back. She was sensible and strong-minded, and though the atmosphere of the grocery and of Market Grazen at first disgusted her, she forced herself to seek for the sterling good beneath the repellent superficies of provincial manners. She taught her ward; she helped with the accounts; she presided at the assistants' breakfast-table.

"Frightfully slow place, Market Grazen, miss, beastly slow, if I may use a vulgar expression," said Smith, rapidly disposing of a large mouthful of bread and ham; "me and Mundin, bein' used to a large town, both of us, got the 'ump awful at first, didn't we, Mundin? There's nothin' doin', nothin' at all, I assure you. A jolly good music 'all 'ud rouse us up a bit—that's what we want. But, bless you, the folks 'ere are so mighty good and proper they'd 'ave fits at the bare idea. It's all Bible-classes and tea-fights with them. More 'am, Mundin, please, and cut it thick; I'm 'ungry," he ended, with a wink at Maia, who could not decide whether or no it were safe to smile at his grotesqueness.

Mr. Mundin looked disgust.

"There's nothing more repulsive than thick ham," he said, with an emphatic aspirate that was like the letting off of steam. The Rolfs, brother and sister, both treated the letter *h* with certain consideration; the assistant raised it above the level of its fellows and throned it with ostentation. The significance of this peremptory articulation did not, however, penetrate the consciousness of Smith. He babbled on unrepressed.

Maia found the sterling good, and found it soon, and she ended by marrying Michael. The central idea of the story—this mating of a refined and distinctly patrician girl with a grocer who was, of course, quite 'out of her world'—is unusual and even fanciful; and though it is treated with much skill and resource, and the excellent virtues of the grocer are fully brought out, we are scarcely prepared to admit that Miss Pendered has convinced us of its possibility. The merit of the novel, however, lies elsewhere—in the hundred minor descriptions of character and event, and the general effect—kaleidoscopic, but not confusing—of a town's life. Mrs. Pendered's school treats and cricket matches, and fires and elections and scandals, her butchers and jewellers, and Baptist elders and retired spinsters, and foolish girls and staid wives, show a just and keen observation, and some humour. She has made unimportant mistakes here and there, and one is conscious of a certain slight literary untidiness. But, take it as a whole, *An Englishman* is a meritorious and promising performance, instinct with sincerity.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE SNOW ON SHAH-DAGH
AND AMMALAT BEY.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS,
PÈRE.

These are the two romances which have lately been brought forward, on what appears to be very good evidence, as unpublished works of Alexandre Dumas, père. The two stories deal with Tartar life, and together make a volume of the usual novel size. The discoverer of the MSS. is M. S. Apostolides. The translator is Mr. Home Gordon. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)

COLD STEEL.

By M. P. SHIEL.

A story of Henry the Eighth and Wolsey, and fighting and intrigue, by the author of *The Yellow Danger*. The heroine is one Bessie Ford, whose sister Laura falls under the eye of the King and has to be removed to a place of safety. The removal makes the story. (Richards. 6s.)

RISING FORTUNES.

By JOHN OXENHAM.

This story, by the author of *God's Prisoner*, deals with the fortunes of a young Scottish artist and his friend, a journalist, who come to London to make their way. We see much of small and desperate journalistic strivings in Fleet-street. "It's a long way up," says one struggling editor, showing his room in Fleet-street, "but I like it, it's so damnably quiet, an' when folks come humming after accounts, they try it once or twice, and the next time they look up the stair, and away home, and report that there was no one in again. Oh, aye! it has its advantages once ye get up. . . . An' what can I do for ye, Adam, ma man? Ha'e ye gotten a grup o' anything yet?" (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE TONE KING.

By HERIBERT RAU.

This is one of three romances in which Rau deals with the lives of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. It is well translated by Mr. J. E. St. Quintin Rae. There is an account of the first presentation of "Don Giovanni": "When Mozart appeared to conduct, he was received with ringing cheers from the crowded house. He bowed low; his heart was full of joy. In his eyes shone tears of delight. The baton fell, and, like the trumpet-call of the Last Judgment, the first chords of the andante resounded." (Jarrold. 6s.)

KINSAH.

By MAY CROMMELIN.

Kinsah is a daughter of Tangier—"white Tangier by the dark blue sea." The members of the British Legation and their women-folk are introduced, and the romance takes colour and variety from Christian and Mohammedan life. The descriptions of scenery are many and alluring. (John Long. 6s.)

THE REALIST.

By HERBERT FLOWERDEW.

The realist is Auguste Zant, who has come to England to write a novel dealing with our national character. He writes novels from life, and when he wants a harrowing scene he creates it. "Is it true that you strangled your housekeeper?" asks the hero in the character of an interviewer. "Oh, yes, it is true," he said indifferently. "I have seen it stated that I performed the experiment in order to describe the effects of strangulation. That is scarcely true, for I knew already. My idea was chiefly to try how much pacification would be necessary to make the poor creature my friend again." (Lane. 6s.)

THE GUESTS OF MINE HOST.

By MARIAN BOWER.

Talk, dining, billiards, gossip, and excursions among a cosmopolitan crowd at the Beau Rivage Hotel at La Séverie. Amid it all a love drama is shaped, in which two men and a young married woman (who is tortured by the circumstances of her married life) play their parts. The story is well written and conceived. (Cassell & Co. 6s.)

I LIVED AS I LISTED.

By ARTHUR L. MAITLAND.

A pleasing romance of the Restoration, with plenty of action. When things were quiet "we did fall for awhile into easy conversation, and the mouthing of such merry quips as we could recollect." Indeed, the mouthing is overdone. "'Nan, dear,' said I sadly, 'I have happened on evil times.' And I did draw a sigh." (Wells Gardner. 6s.)

TALES OF TERROR.

By DICK DONOVAN.

Tales of terror indeed. The first, "The Woman with the Oily Eyes," is the horrible story of a modern vampire. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

PHIL OF THE HEATH.

By HAROLD CHILD.

A readable melodramatic story. Phyllis Woolcombe is an heiress, stands five feet eleven, and rides the biggest horse in the West Country. Her life and character are attacked, she is charged with murder, is released from Bristol gaol in the Chartist riots, has a soldier lover, and a villainous cousin. (Pearson Ltd. 6s.)

LOAVES AND FISHES.

By BESSIE REYNOLDS.

A vigorous study of Little Bethel politics. The consequential, self-made deacons stint their pastor of the loaves and fishes that are his due, and treat him and his wife with insolence and unkindness. Written to expose the evil of too many chapels, each supporting a half-starved pastor. (Stock.)

A LAWFUL CRIME.

By EDWARD KENT.

This is described as "a story of to-day," but it rather belongs to some doubtful yesterday. It is compounded of a young marriage, an absent husband, an unscrupulous lover, a plot, an imprisonment, a forced wedding—and then wrongs begin to be righted. Much of the action passes in France, where the heroine is entrapped and imprisoned by her father's mistress. (Leadenhall Press. 6s.)

THE PRIEST'S MARRIAGE.

By NORA VYNNE.

A study of marriage by the author of *The Blind Artist's Pictures*, &c. Is an ex-priest or a mere natural man the best husband for a girl like Annie Fulton? The riddle is solved by experiment. (Burleigh. 6s.)

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF A CURATE.

By MARCUS REAY.

This diary of a curate, supposed to have been stolen by a bad boy, shows how the Rev. George Gray had a good deal of puritanical nonsense knocked out of him. Going on the river on Sunday with qualms of conscience, he sees his bishop gliding by in another boat, &c., &c. (John Long. 3s. 6d.)

HARCOURT.

By AUTHOR OF "DAUGHTERS OF THE CITY."

Not he of Malwood. Yet the atmosphere is political, and perhaps this concerns the modern Plantagenet: "Nothing is more comic than a Liberal leader proclaiming his sublime devotion to high principle, his scorn of base expediency: while 'Distrust of the people—if they're women,' and 'Women being in the majority, we must not enfranchise them,' are the principles he practises." A novel in which love and the franchise are alternately to the fore. (Simpkin. 6s.)

BOFFIN'S FIND.

By ROBERT THYNNE.

A story of Australian sheep-farming and gold-mining, written—the author points out—"before the De Rougemont narrative made any public appearance." The time in Botany Bay days, and the story hums with life, adventure, and villainy. Mr. Thynne is the author of *The Story of Australian Exploration*. (Long. 6s.)

We have also received *The River Syndicate, and Other Stories*, the first of which is a detective story, by Charles E. Carryl (Harper & Brothers. 2s.); *The Beautiful Evil*, a fantasy of Indian life and religions, by Alexander Eager (Sands & Co. 6s.); *Love Knots*, by May Crommelin (Jarrold. 3s. 6d.); *Margaret at the Manse*, a series of Scottish stories, illustrated, by Ethel T. Heddle (Wells Gardner. 6s.); *Charles Wacendon and Others*, "a medley" dealing with "the upper stratum of society thirty years ago," by Caryl J. Blunt (Stock. 6s.); *Malcolm Ross*, a story of ministerial life in West Scotland, by Alexander Craib (Stock. 6s.).

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The Novel of the Moment.

An Enquiry.

ON Tuesday, October 24, eight thousand copies of it were offered to London, and it was also published in New York and in the Colonies. Mr. Mudie desired two thousand copies for his library. The trade generally was hungry and pertinacious. Over two thousand supplementary copies were ordered on November 2, and the same on November 3. A Teuton expressed a wish to translate it into German. Tauchnitz said that he wanted it, and a dramatist asked permission to dramatise it. On the 9th the first edition was exhausted, and large orders yet unfulfilled; but a great firm of printers had the affair in hand, and on the 15th, by the aid of their resources, a second edition of ten thousand copies was ready to be devoured. In the meantime the morning papers sang together. England and Scotland lifted up one laudatory voice. "The book must go right to the front of contemporary literature." "The plot . . . would alone have secured for it the eager attention of critics." "The same gift of divining things, the same sincerity, and nearly the same insight as"—the author of *Jane Eyre*. "Challenges comparison with Charlotte Brontë." "Not to be surpassed in contemporary fiction." "Without doubt a masterpiece."

Such is the history of the first three weeks of *Red Pottage*, by Mary Cholmondeley (Edward Arnold), the novel of the moment. Many people will ask: "Who is Mary Cholmondeley?" But these people will not be subscribers to Mudie's. For Miss Cholmondeley, though she has written little, was from the first a sort of power at Mudie's. With *Diana Tempest* she secured a firm position there, and, though it is some time since *Diana Tempest*, the clients of Mudie—even those who make novel-reading the stern business of life and require a new story every day—do not soon forget a favourite. *Red Pottage* was sure of a special attention. It was not, however, sure of the enormous vogue which it is now enjoying. Sudden dazzling popularities have been a fairly regular phenomenon of late years—at least two have occurred within six months—but the vogue of *Red Pottage* is still striking enough to startle. That it surprised the publisher himself is shown by the fact that the second edition of the book is larger than the first.

Thus at a single stride Miss Cholmondeley steps from the comparative obscurity of being "a popular author" into the brilliant white light of full celebrity. Yesterday it was: "Mary Cholmondeley—you know . . . wrote a splendid thing called *Diana Tempest*, awfully interesting; you ought to read it." To-day it is: "Mary Cholmondeley . . . What, you don't mean to say you haven't read . . . !" And he to whom "Mary Cholmondeley" is unfamiliar will henceforth hide his ignorance like a sin. That is fame. Miss Cholmondeley is famous. In three weeks she has become so. Why?

In the first place, there is strength in her work. We have read perhaps a thousand novels since we read *Diana Tempest*, and forgotten nine hundred and fifty, but we clearly remember that not only the plot but the characterisation of this story interested us. The talent was unmistakable. We re-

solved to keep the author in view. The sight of her name in the publishers' advertisements last month at once filled us with anticipations, and we perused *Red Pottage* at the earliest moment. We mention these facts because our experience was probably a common one. The opening chapters of the story effectually raised our curiosity. Hugh Scarlett has a *liaison* with Lady Newhaven. Lord Newhaven discovers the adultery (not before Hugh is sick of his Diana), and, with a calmness which is characteristic of him, invites Hugh to draw lots for the privilege of committing suicide within the next five months. Hugh, surprised, accepts Lord Newhaven's somewhat Ouidaesque proposition—and loses. The question is: Will Hugh abide by the result? Miss Cholmondeley has here an excellent situation. It is melodramatic; but none the worse on that score, since melodrama is a perfectly legitimate form of literary art, capable of the finest uses. (See Balzac's *La Grande Breteche* or Scott's *Wandering Willie's Tale*.) She handles it with originality, force, and ingenuity. At the end of the book surprise grows out of surprise in a manner productive of many thrills. So far as the Newhavens and Hugh Scarlett are concerned, *Red Pottage* is a good, exciting story, ornamented with some rather clever analysis of motive, and very well told, save for a slight occasional hesitancy and indirectness in the later passages.

But the *affaire* Newhaven-Scarlett is only a small part of *Red Pottage*. Miss Cholmondeley has no sooner stated her theme than she deliberately discards it. Gifted with what is called "a keen eye for character," she so preoccupies herself with the exploitation of the special powers of that eye that she loses sight of her story for a good two hundred pages. It is necessary to state here that Hugh Scarlett falls in love with a certain rare creature, Rachel West; that Rachel has an intimate friend, Hester Gresley (who wrote the greatest novel of her time); that Hester has a brother, the Rev. James Gresley, with a wife and family; and that the latter have some snobbish plutocratic friends named Pratt. These people are spread abroad over the book. Their motives and actions are described in detail. Yet they do not help the story; they have nothing but an adventitious and non-essential connexion with the story. It might be said that Miss Cholmondeley had fallen into the usual English error of writing two novels in one, but these extraneous persons and scenes do not in fact make a story by themselves. The sole result of them, viewing the book strictly as a work of art, is to fret and delay the satisfaction of an artfully aroused curiosity. Nevertheless, we imagine that the gross redundancies of the book have had a large share in the making of its success.

The popularity of *Red Pottage* springs from three things. The first is the melodramatic excitements of the main theme. These are good, but they pervade only a fractional part of the story. The second is the observation of that "keen eye for character" to which we have referred. Miss Cholmondeley sees character intensely, but very crudely. Her good people are too good, and her bad people are too bad. They seldom depart from their codes. Certain of her creatures she adores; certain others she hates. It is in the delineation of the hated that she renders herself popular. She observes them with positive rancour, and makes them the butt of sarcasm which is like a skittle-ball among the pins. Thus of the Pratts:

Selina was the most popular, being liable to shrieks of laughter at the smallest witticisms, and always ready for that species of amusement termed "bally-ragging" or "hay-making." But Ada was the most admired. She belonged to that type which in hotel society and country towns is always termed "queenly." She "kept the men at a distance." She "never allowed them to take liberties," &c., &c. She held her chin up and her elbows out, and was considered by the section of Middlesex society in which she shone to be very distinguished. Mrs. Pratt was often told that her daughter looked like a duchess; and this facsimile of the aristocracy, or rather of the most distressing traits of its latest recruits, had a manner of

lolling with crossed legs in the parental carriage and pair, which was greatly admired. "Looks as if she was born to it all," Mr. Pratt would say to his wife.

So are the Pratts disposed of and labelled for ever, and the public persuaded that in reading *Red Pottage* it is appreciating social satire of a very subtle order. But human beings are not thus easily to be ticketed and shelved. Such facile and disdainful sarcasm may raise a laugh, but the art of it is neither serious nor delicate. In a word, it is coarse, and there is a great deal of it in *Red Pottage*. The Rev. Mr. Gresley, for another example, is treated with the crudest hostility; he is a grotesque puppet, set up, apparently, so that the author may gratify her anti-Philistine spleen in knocking him down.

The third element of popularity in *Red Pottage* is the strain of easy philosophising in terms of vague metaphor which runs through it. Here is an example:

Most of us have in our time hammered nails into our walls, which, though they now decorously support the engravings and etchings of our maturer years, were nevertheless originally driven in to uphold the cherished, the long since discarded chromos of our foolish youth.

There is no doubt that this sort of reflection does please and even impress a certain type of mind. Of the thousands who will relish the quoted passage, not one could turn it into a plain statement of fact, for the reason that it is incapable of being so turned. "Chromos" stands for one kind of ideal, and "engravings and etchings" for another kind of ideal, but our belief is that Miss Cholmondeley herself would be puzzled to explain the *role* of "nails" in the metaphor. Yet the sentence has a pleasant and plausible air with it.

Opinions may differ as to the presence or absence of this or that quality of excellence in Miss Cholmondeley's novel. But on some points concerning it competent opinions cannot differ: it is very clumsily constructed; it contains many passages and some characters which have no bearing whatever upon the theme; the author exhibits a shameless partiality among her characters; and she has almost no feeling for style in any fine sense of the word. These four charges could be proved before a jury. And so it must be asserted, strenuously though with sorrow, that *Red Pottage* is not a masterpiece, that it does not challenge comparison with Charlotte Brontë, that it is not unsurpassed in modern fiction, and that Miss Cholmondeley's reward has exceeded her deserts.

To utter a jeremiad upon the decadence of taste, to declare that literature is going to the dogs because a fourth-rate novel has been called a masterpiece and has made someone's fortune, would be absurd. We have a strong faith that taste is as good as ever it was, and that literature will continue on its way undisturbed. The extraordinary phenomena marking the birth of *Red Pottage* have occurred frequently before, and in a form more acute. Even now *A Double Thread* is touching its fiftieth thousand. All this is naught. In ten years, in twenty years—what then? Perhaps then the excellent, but impetuous public may remember that in 1899 "*Zack*" issued *On Trial* and that in those days Mr. Walter Raymond was also fertile. Who knows? In the meantime, let us admit with alacrity that Miss Cholmondeley is a writer of parts. Had she not been so, she could scarcely have written a fourth-rate novel, which is at least six degrees higher than the average. And let us point out that Miss Cholmondeley is in no way responsible for the hysteria of good-natured criticism, or the panic rush of the populace to take the horses out of her carriage and drag her to the high summits of Parnassus.

Style and the "Edinburgh Review."

THE article in the current *Edinburgh Review* on "Some Tendencies of Modern Style" deserves attention in more ways than one. Its declared aim is to criticise some recent efflorescences of the younger phrase-mongers who follow their Meredith not wisely but too well. Herein we have every sympathy with it. The application to the novel of a style perilous in the essay is an innovation to be deplored. The aim of such style is great minuteness of word selection: the sentence is to become a mosaic of *recherchés* and carefully tested words. In the hands of a master this may succeed. It may succeed by a fastidious reticence, a delicate sense of the too much, a chastened instinct where to stop. But in most hands—as one might prophesy, and as we see in fact—the tendency of such narrowed attention to the individual word is to throw the sentence out of focus. There should be an organic relation and subordination in the vocables of a sentence, a distinction of major and minor. But in the strained minuteness of the writer's attention to language he misses sight of this with distressing result. The words lose their perspective, and start out upon the reader with an unnatural separate distinctness:

Each particular word doth stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

It has an effect like the painful heightening of individual objects in a nightmare vision. In fact, such a sentence (unconsciously to the writer) is veritably dislocated; as in the drawing of a beginner, where noses and other features assume abnormal proportions. Each word may be accurate and defensible in itself, but the total result is false because *relation*—comparative importance—has been neglected. It is an error parallel to the pre-Raphaelite assemblage of severally-studied details in an unrelated whole. And all this becomes tenfold worse when the writer intensifies the impression by packed audacities of imagery. The effect is phantasmagoric. One's eyes ache, seeking and finding no place of rest.

But here our agreement with the reviewer ceases. It is, unhappily, only at the close of his article that he reaches these justified animadversions. The rest of the article is consumed in an elaborate attempt to provide a foundation of principle for his forthcoming strictures. For this purpose he revives the mischievous fallacy that "you should write as you speak." When it is considered that there are whole ranges of themes which are practically excluded from speech, the fallacy and inadequacy of this principle seems evident. It is true that the reviewer modifies it by saying that speech should be the model for prose. True, in the same sense that the skeleton is the model for the flesh. But the reviewer means much more; he contends that the nearer prose is to speech the better it is. Armed with this law, he surveys the range of English prose, and makes devastating work. Passing over his loose introduction, which contains fallacies of thought enough to require an article for their discussion, it is sufficient to say that one main result, if not object, of his essay is virtually to set aside and condemn a whole mode of English prose; and with it to clear away from our literature a stately grove of noble writers. On his principle, of course, the eighteenth century is the great period of our prose. With ruthless logic he carries his theory to its full consequences, brushing aside the entire seventeenth century. A principle which condemns at one fell swoop Milton and Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor, and their great brethren, stands surely self-condemned. If either they or the principle must go, it will be hard for the principle!

The truth is, that it is pedantry to limit prose within any external order of style. The form of prose is determined by its *aim*—by its subject-matter and the writer's

design in treating that subject-matter. As this approaches or recedes from the aims of speech, the style should, and must, approach or recede from the usual structure of speech. Where it is widely different from unpremeditated speech, that is because theme and aim are widely different from anything conceivable in speech. But here we touch one cause of the reviewer's error. He wishes to draw a fast line between prose and poetry. Metre, he thinks, is the proper distinction between poetry and prose; therefore, outside metre, the more prosaic your writing (the nearer to speech, in his phrase), the better it will be, as a matter of style. But metre is not the proper distinction between poetry and prose (though a distinction convenient for general observation). As a proof, take the poetical books of the Bible. They have been rendered into prose so superbly fit that all attempts, even by poets, to substitute metrical form have utterly failed. Here you have grand poetry without metre. What, then, has it which distinguishes it, outwardly, from prosaic prose? It has *rhythm*. It is the presence of lofty and noble rhythm which invests the poetry of the Bible with such satisfying and wholly congruous form. And it is rhythm which really is the *necessary* medium of poetry, not metre. But rhythm varies gradually and imperceptibly through numberless gradations, from the highest to the lowest, till it disappears in the pedestrian progress of average prose. It follows that there is no such fast line between poetry and prose as the Edinburgh Reviewer supposes. Poetry and prose can, and sometimes do, play into each other. Prose, therefore, becomes a vast *spectrum*, fading into poetry at one end, into journalism at the other (or, if the Reviewer prefer the phrase, into the forms of ordinary speech). To which of these two extremities a given style shall approximate depends wholly on the writer's aim. Prose in the past has divided itself into two great modes, represented by the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The prose of Browne and Jeremy Taylor was well towards the upper, or poetic, end of the spectrum, without actually passing into it, like the poetic books of the Bible. The prose of Swift and Dryden was well towards the lower, or colloquial, end, though far from passing into it—much further than certain modern prose. But both were as legitimate as they were separate modes of prose. That the eighteenth century is a fitter model for the general requirements of prose is obvious. But that does not sweep from the ranks of the great masters of style Taylor, and Browne, and Hooker, and their fellows. And God forbid it should!

Things Seen.

Proof.

NIGHT had come weeping; and as I plunged along miry Wellington-street, I wondered why upon earth the old gentleman ahead of me could not enter that Waterloo omnibus and be done with it. He stepped back at last, and, springing forward, I had my wonder explained away. "Full up!" grunted the conductor; and, as I fell back, muttering plain words, my old gentleman, with his cruddled, kindly face, grey almost to whiteness, and bright eyes shaggily overhung, ranged alongside me.

"Better to walk it," he said, as we forged along. "Does you good, I think. I've to catch the 6.10 express to Blankley; but there's time enough, I fancy."

"Really! To Blankley? My own case exactly. I live there."

"Well, well; that's odd. Harper's my name; Harper, Blankley, finds me; yes, these thirty years. And yet I never met you, sir. You've business in town, likely; Ludgate-hill, now, or Cheapside?"

"No; no, I write books for my living."

"Ah; books, eh? Well, there's a deal too many books written nowadays, by my way of it."

"I thoroughly agree with you."

"Yes. If folk would only read their Bibles more, now, and leave these stories alone—ah! Why, I saw a ton of 'em given away to-day. Fictions an' bright readings, as they call 'em; and far enough I wished 'em—just when we was distributing Bibles too, an' good books, on the troopships. Ah, yes, they're bad things, these stories, sure enough, and they do a sight of harm. They're not founded on the Rock, ye see; not on a basis of truth. But with the Bible— Why, look at Job, now! There was a man for you!"

"Very fine," I said; "very fine indeed. But there are folk, you know, who say the Book of Job was no more than a play, a drama, you know, and not history, at all."

"Play;—drama! Huh! No, sir; inspiration; true, every word of it, sir. Job was a living man, just as sure as you an' me. I know it; I know it like—like I know that my Redeemer liveth. An' now I'll tell you a little anecdote to prove it. Yes, an' I daresay it's true too— Why, bless me, yes; I know it is. It was the Presbyterian minister at Chelsea told me about it, when I was a lad. He said— How these 'buses follow on, to be sure! See those three; all full. Well, rock oil, y' know, was a new thing then, I fancy; an' some smart young fellow, as it might be yoursel— From Ecclesiastes, I think it was, he got it: 'No new thing under the sun.' 'Why,' ses he, 'look at rock oil! Whoever heard of oil out of a rock before?' Mocking, you see. Then my friend he turns up Job—Job twenty-nine or thirty, I think it is; somewhere along there—'And the rock poured me out rivers of oil.' That shows you, ye see. That was how he rebuked the young man, out of Holy Writ; that's writin' founded on the Living Rock. 'Rivers of oil!' Doesn't that prove it for ye? Real! Just as real as you an' me; glory to God! But these stories— There, but you say you write 'em. Well, I daresay they're not *all* bad. But it's better to work for Christ, I say. And so you live at Blankley?"

Bathos.

FROM his service boots to his trim little moustache and jaunty cap he was beautiful, the khaki-clad soldier, as he mounted into the 'bus. We all felt it, and longed to speak to him; and envied the tall lame man who might and did. We looked at him as much as we could without seeming to, and we listened. He was going out to-day: so much we learned, and our hearts swelled. He spoke straight out, with a soldierly simplicity that appealed. Ah, to be a man and to do these things!

At Holborn the omnibus was cleared but for the soldier, a sanguine middle-aged lady, and myself. She looked at me with a glance that pleaded, "Under the circumstances . . ."; and turning frankly upon him,

"And so," she purred, "you are going out!"

With the simple directness proper to the British Army, "Yes," said he, "I am going out to-day."

"Are you really, now!" She seemed to munch the notion: it was, one might fairly conjecture, her first occasion of actual contact with the heroic. With a large sentimental smile she surveyed him. Then she plunged into a conversation. . . .

At Drury-lane I alighted. Poised upon the rear-platform I caught a question.

"And what regiment?" she asked.

I had one foot in the air; but, with a view to adding a new personal interest to the morning perusal of my paper, I hung on. A momentary check was overpassed, but the voice that answered had lost something of its resonance.

"Commissariat," it answered. . . .

"Well, that's better than nothing—isn't it?" said the middle-aged lady.

The Amateur Critic.

The Ancestors of the Boers.

IN the *Harleian Miscellany* (ii. 591) is preserved an account of a royal voyage to Holland from the pen of an English gentleman of the train of William III. (whom he styles "the Conqueror"). The man was a courtier in the first place—the document is plastered with adulation—but he was also an acute observer, and he could write pretty well. Having landed at the Hague, he pauses merely to note the "curious hard sandy shore, admirably contrived by nature for the divertisement of people of quality," then passes on to an examination of the Manners, Customs, and Comical Humours of the Boers. Certain of his sentences are likely to be appreciated by a larger public than that for which they were written. These, without further "pesterment of formalities," I proceed to transcribe:

You may sooner convert a Jew [he writes] than to make an ordinary Dutchman yield to arguments that cross him. . . .

They are seldom deceived, for they trust no-body; so by consequence are better to hold a fort than win it; yet they can do both. Trust them you must if you travel, for to ask a bill of particulars is to put in a wasps' nest; you must pay what they ask as sure as if it were the assessment of a subsidy.

Compliments is an idleness they were never trained up in; and it is their happiness that Court pleasures have never stole away their minds from business. . . .

. . . In short, they are a race diligent rather than laborious, dull and slow of understanding; and so not dealt with by hasty words, but managed easily by soft and fair; and yielding to plain reason, if you give them time to understand it.

S. B. T.

To Mr. Swinburne.

POET, who weavest wondrous webs of words,
And clang'st thy lyre with wild and boisterous hand!
Oft, as we listen to thy music grand
Still rolling in reverberating chords,
We hear the roar of guns and clash of swords
Borne on the air; then, swift at thy command,
Our pulses quicken, our desires expand
To urge thy hates, to hallow thine accords.
Yet, would we crave thy Muse to turn awhile
To gentler arts—to sing the song of War
In softer strain. Put up thy scimitar,
And let sweet peace thy stormy soul beguile:
Such were a solace soother in "reverse"
Than all the colder comfort of a curse!

B. M. R.

For an Anthology of Parody.

SOME of the wittiest parodies that I have ever read have been among those which appear in the newspapers from time to time on topical events. I recollect seeing a travesty of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Bobs," addressed to Sir Arthur Sullivan under the title of "Babs" during a recent *causé célèbre*. I wish I had preserved it, it was so clever. But one of the most interesting parodies is the little-known, self-inflicted Swinburnian "Nephelidia," to be found among those unparalleled *Specimens of Modern Poets, The Heptalogia*, a book which certainly ought to be in the hand of the compiler of an anthology of parody. No one knowing these verses should accuse Mr. Swinburne of a lack of humour; has ever a poet of note

burlesqued his own peculiarities of style in so frank a manner? Here are a few lines:

From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through
a notable nimbus of nebulous noonshine,
Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that
flickers with fear of the flies as they float,
Are the looks of our lovers that lustrously lean from a
marvel of mystic miraculous moonshine,
These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that thicken
and threaten with throbs through the throat?
Thicken and thrill as a theatre thronged at appeal of an
actor's appalled agitation,
Fainter with fear of the fires of the future than pale with
the promise of pride in the past;
Flushed with the famishing fulness or fever that reddens
with radiance of rather recreation,
Gaunt as the ghastliest of glimpses that gleam through
the gloom of the gloaming when ghosts go aghast?
Nay, for the nick of the tick of the time is a tremulous
touch on the temples of terror,
Strained as the sinews yet strenuous with strife of the
dead who is dumb as the dust-heaps of death:
Surely no soul is it, sweet as the spasm of erotic emotional
exquisite error,
Bathed in the balms of beatified bliss, beatific itself by
beatitude's breath.

JONATHAN DEAN.

The Tyranny of Association.

THE criticism passed in the ACADEMY last week on the excess of detail in Mr. Millais's life of Sir John Everett Millais derives support from the following curious extract from the book. Mr. Millais is telling us how Miss Siddal (afterwards Mrs. Rossetti) "sat" to Millais for his beautiful picture of Ophelia drifting down the stream to her death. He says:

Miss Siddal had a trying experience. . . . In order that the artist might get the proper set of the garments in water, and the right atmosphere and aqueous effects, she had to lie in a large bath filled with water, which was kept at an even temperature by lamps placed beneath. One day, just as the picture was nearly finished, the lamps went out unnoticed by the artist, who was so intensely absorbed in his work that he thought of nothing else, and the poor lady was kept floating in the cold water till she was nearly benumbed. She herself never complained of this, but the result was that she contracted a severe cold, and her father (an auctioneer at Oxford) wrote to Millais threatening him with an action of £50 damages for his carelessness. Millais paid the doctor's bill; and Miss Siddal, quickly recovering, was none the worse for her cold bath.

That she was none the worse is eternally satisfactory. It is the picture that is to suffer now! Mr. Millais should have remembered the tyranny of association. Few readers of the story will be able to look at "Ophelia" without seeing Miss Siddal floating in her bath, the lamps out, the painter oblivious, and rheumatism and writs stalking in the background. It is an awful example.

F. T. S.

Wanted: Novels of Observation.

ONE is often impressed by the sad want of originality shown by young novelists in the choice of plots and subject matter. They seem to be re-arranging old, worn effects, and rarely extending that Edom over which Fiction should cast out its shoe. Literary promotion awaits the young novelist who will apply his faculties to the faithful, critical representation of a few definite yet well-known phases of life. For instance, the life of a great drapery establishment must be full of comedy and more or less suppressed human nature, both well worth treating. The innumerable City clerk, his punctual journeys, his virtues and temptations, still awaits his novelist. And the Aerated Bread Girl—who will gather her in?
S. S.

Publishing on Commission.

A New Enterprise.

THE newest name to be added to the long list of London publishers is that of Mr. R. A. Everett, who is beginning business in Essex-street. Mr. Everett has controlled some important publications when acting as manager to Messrs. Thacker & Company. In particular, he was concerned in bringing out an *édition-de-luxe* of Whyte-Melville's works, and the well-known books on horses and sport by Captain Hayes, whose works he will in future publish. Mr. Everett will adopt a method of publishing which he believes is well suited to the present state of the book market. This is publishing on commission, whereby the author retains his copyright and the maximum of control and oversight over his books. Under this system the author takes all the profits after the cost of production has been met, less small commissions on the cost and sales. Throughout, the publisher acts as the author's agent, and the publisher's operations and his account books are open to the author's inspection.

Publishing on commission seems peculiarly adapted to superior technical books enjoying a long sale, but it will probably meet the wishes of authors of all kinds. To the new and timid writer it should appeal by its simplicity and openness. He will know at the outset precisely what his risks are, and what his chances of profit; moreover, the publisher's gains, like his own, will be regulated entirely by the success of the book in question. But Mr. Everett anticipates that his system will be appreciated by many older writers who desire to have more direct control over their literary business and a clearer financial method. It does not follow, of course, that Mr. Everett will not use other methods of publishing where such are preferred.

The only prejudice, if there be one, against publishing on commission arises from the notion that the system opens wide the door to the incompetent writer who can pay to have his book produced. But clearly all depends on the publisher. Mr. Everett intends to publish good books, not bad books; and he will not permit his ideal of sound literary publishing to be spoilt by writers who have more money than brains.

How Long Should Copyright Last?

THIS question is naturally being raised at a time when a new Copyright Act is likely to become law. Under the existing law copyright in a book lasts the author's lifetime, or for forty-two years, whichever period proves the longer. By the new Act it is proposed to extend the period to the author's lifetime, plus thirty years. This is the German rule, but it seems a mistake to regard it as an "extension" in all cases. For, obviously, if an author should die one year after the publication of a book the copyright in that book will last only thirty-one years—i.e., eleven years less than the forty-two now assured to every book.

It may be noted that in France copyright lasts through the author's life, and for fifty years afterwards. In Italy and Spain copyright in a book survives its author by eighty years. In these countries, therefore, a good copyright remains a source of income to a man's children and grandchildren. What, then, is the true, the just period during which copyright should be upheld? Or should there be a period at all? Copyright in perpetuity may seem a startling proposition, but why should a book not be regarded as a piece of property as real, and as inalienable from an author's heirs, as a house, or a mine, or a fishery? The question is at least worth considering.

That hardship results from the present speedy termination of copyrights can hardly be disputed. It is easy, indeed, to name cases in which the extinction of copyright has been an injustice, or at least a matter for regret. Some forty years ago the grandson of Daniel Defoe was found to be an inmate of Kennington Union, and a public subscription, initiated by Walter Savage Landor, was raised on his behalf. Surely the grandson of the author of *Robinson Crusoe* had a moral claim to the benefits of his grandfather's success. Or take a gigantic work like *Cruden's Concordance*. Cruden, we believe, was a bachelor, but he might have left a family to whom the royalties on his great work would have been a help both welcome and just. One could find a score of books of reference on the "open shelves" on the British Museum Reading-room which under a more liberal law of copyright would now be yielding more or less useful incomes to the descendants of hard-worked men of erudition and genius. As Mr. Lang says in the current *Longman's Magazine*:

Think how Scott, his debts paid, would have provided for his family had copyright lasted longer. The heirs of Keats and Coleridge, men neglected by purchasers in their day, would have been bequeathed a competence. Most of Dickens's works are now out of copyright—a real hardship while an author's sons and daughters are in the land. Surely copyright might be protected "for two lives" at least. The authors literally "created" the property which, in their lifetime, many of them did not enjoy. If we are to have property at all, the author's property ought to be the most, not the least, sacred.

At the present time a number of copyrights are falling into the hands of enterprising publishers who have only such claims to them as the general copyright law of the country gives them. Lord Tennyson's family may not be conspicuously in need of the royalties which have just lapsed, yet the rights of the well-to-do are scarcely less worthy of respect than the needs of the poor; and the continuance of the Tennyson copyrights would at least have saved us from the shoddy editions of his poems which are now being thrown before the public.

Even in fiction—where change and decay proceed so fast—the operation of the forty-two years' system seems to bear hardly on descendants. The heirs of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray would still be enjoying a harvest of royalties if our copyright law were that of Spain. And, as the *Author* points out, there are always cases ahead. The heirs of Charles Reade, George Eliot, and Robert Louis Stevenson will soon lose what it is quite permissible to think they ought to be allowed to keep.

It is significant that in the United States a definite movement is on foot to substitute perpetual for limited copyright. Sir Walter Besant, in the *Author*, boldly supports this change, though he is careful to point out some of the obstacles to its realisation. He considers that the running out of copyright is a great hardship and a great injustice:

But it will prove most difficult to persuade people of its injustice. . . . People have got firmly fixed in their heads the notion that if the term copyright is indefinitely extended certain books, now, as they are pleased to call it, the property of the nation—really the property of competing publishers—will be suppressed. "Suppose," they say, "*The Pilgrim's Progress* were to fall into the hands of a Catholic?" The true answer would be, that the fact of this work being always in demand, and that it was a property like a coal mine, would effectually prevent that property being ruined or destroyed.

Another objection to the extension of copyright is the fact that publishers are always trying to get copyright in their own hands. The agreements submitted to authors always demand copyright or the exclusive right of publication during the time of copyright; or if they buy a book outright of course copyright goes with it. Therefore an extension of copyright would only mean the continuance during such extension of the agreement made with the author. And this, as the "Draft Agreements" (Equitable

show, would leave the author, as a rule, very little cause for congratulation as to the benefits of the extension. Now, people very rightly think that they would rather have the competing publisher than the publisher who is sole owner.

To meet the last objection, Sir Walter proposes that purchase of copyright should be limited to periods of five or six years. "Most books suffer painless extinction after the first year; a few last for three or four years; very few, indeed, are in demand more than five years. For those books which have the good fortune of extended life, it is surely fair to the creator of the property that there should be a fresh deal." Of the general justice of the outcry for longer copyright Sir Walter has no doubt. "The term of copyright," he says, "should be certainly extended—perhaps there should be no term at all—the State does not take away a man's coal mine after forty years."

Our own opinion is that the term of copyright proposed by the new Act is not long enough, and that now is the time for those authors who are alive to their own and their brothers' interests to determine, by debate and inquiry, what is the proper length of time to adopt.

Memoirs of the Moment.

IN Vienna this week has died the Baroness Ulrika von Levetzow, referred to as "a friend and contemporary of Goethe." A friend certainly—the word might be a warmer one to represent the adoration she gave to Goethe and had from him. A contemporary she was, although there was a great disparity of years between her and Goethe. The Baroness was, in fact, not yet twenty when Goethe, aged seventy-four, met her at Marienbad, and found himself still young enough to fall in love with her, as she fell in love with him. The exaltation of the Werther period he felt over again, and he began to discover that a man who was never too old to be a lover was never too old to be a poet. Marriage was mooted; but the representations of friends—perhaps a fear of ridicule— withheld him from the altar. He tore himself away from the fair; and the "Marienbad Elegy" which he wrote in the carriage as it put the miles between them remains as a token of his inexhaustible resources of feeling and of the cost at which he did violence to his sentiments. All these years since his death—seventy—the Baroness has borne the same name and the recollection of the greatly-worshipping Goethe.

No one lives any longer now to recall the kisses and the tears of the author of *Faust*. Friendships with women can scarce be written of; yet Goethe's friendships might have made a chapter to which the pen of G. H. Lewes, at its nimblest, had done little injustice. Goethe himself wrote as he could of the many women he ranked among his close friends. Like most young men, he found his first heroine in a woman of an older generation, Fräulein Von Klettenberg, the "fair saint" who taught him the mysticism which led him on to *Faust*, from that unlikely starting-point, the *Imitation of Christ*, through the works of the alchemists. "He was then a medical student in Strasburg, and he had a dancing-master, the dancing-master had two daughters, and that meant for Goethe two love-affairs. The dramatic end came (at any rate, in Goethe's *Autobiography*) when one of the sisters, in the presence of the other, caught Goethe by the hair, crying: "Woe upon woe for ever and ever to her who for the first time after me kisses these lips!"

GOETHE left the house without giving the listening sister the occasion to fear the curse; but the memory of it haunted him when, a little later, he lost his heart to

Frederika Brion, the daughter of a pastor, to whom, after a few days' visit to her people, he writes a vague love-letter; and, returning unannounced, finds his coming that day had been anticipated—a scene which has a parallel when Contarini Fleming is greeted by his future bride, at first meeting, with the words: "You have been long expected." No wonder that Goethe, when he read that romance, delighted Disraeli the younger with his praise. The ideal of Stevenson might be "beauty, touched with sex and laughter." For Goethe and for Disraeli there must be an added touch of mysticism. When Goethe left Frederika the second time, having braved the curse, he met on his homeward way a phantom of himself and remarked the ghostly figure's trappings, recalled to him eight years later when he rode in that very attire to revisit the girl and to suffer disillusion.

IF Lord Rosebery's Bath speech tempted one to a quotation from a letter of Landor's, his speech about Cromwell seems to cry out irresistibly for a quotation from Mr. Abraham Cowley. If the passage—not in poetry, but in prose—is unfamiliar to Lord Rosebery he will welcome it, despite the sentiments it expresses, for a stupendous piece of rhetoric:

What can be more extraordinary, wicked than for a person to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon, all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take arms against taxes of scarce two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to raise them himself above two millions? to quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and to strike off three or four hundred heads? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what, two thousand guards to be fetched for the king, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? to pretend the defence of Parliaments, and violently to dissolve all even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to undertake the reformation of religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all sects and heresies? to set up councils of rapine, and courts of murder? to fight against the king under a commission for him? to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him? to draw him into his net, with protestations and vows of fidelity, and when he had caught him in it to butcher him with as little shame as conscience, or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? to receive a commission for king and parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other? to fight against monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it, when he contrived for it in his own person? to abuse perfidiously, and supplant ingratiously his own general first, and afterwards most of those officers, who with the loss of their honour, and the hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all enemies, and with all friends equally? and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries than the loose sort of people do with customary oaths? to usurp three kingdoms without the shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to set himself up as an idol (which we know, as St. Paul says, in itself is nothing), and make the very streets of London like the valley of Hinnom, by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his Moloch-ship? to seek to entail this usurpation upon his posterity, and with it an endless war upon the nation? and lastly, by the severest judgment of Almighty God, to die HARDENED, and MAD, and UNREPENTANT, with the CURSES of the present age, and the DETESTATION of all to succeed?

The capitals are Mr. Cowley's own.

HE had with his own hand written these verses [the "Marienbad Elegy"] in Roman characters on fine vellum paper, and fastened them with a silken cord into a red morocco case; so that, from the outside, it was obvious that he prized this manuscript above all the rest.

From Eckermann's "Conversations of Goethe."

Correspondence.

Miss Swanwick.

SIR,—In "Memoirs of the Moment" your correspondent writes without sympathy of dear old Miss Swanwick, kindest of hostesses, most erudite of women. If Tennyson did not "haunt" her drawing-room, he at least gave a special reading of "Maud" for her—a little *intime* reading in his own house and with otherwise only his family present. Miss Swanwick would have been the last to boast of her friendship with the great men of her generation. They did her honour in their own way. Tennyson was never gruff to her. Browning confided to her that "Luria" was his favourite of his poems. Martineau and Gladstone brought her their portraits and sent her their books; and that they did so could be no surprise to those who really knew her, for a more charmingly sympathetic woman never lived. After the casualness, the ungraciousness, the ungracefulness of the ordinary London hostess, who that has ever been in the Cumberland-terrace drawing-room will forget the welcome given them by the little old lady in her grey shawl? You, though quite insignificant, were given the seat of honour on the sofa by herself, and she would sit affectionately holding your hand, sympathetically asking after your small concerns, blithely telling of some special little kindness done to herself, until your heart warmed and warmed to her. And at her kindly hearth the great and the little foregathered. On the same afternoon, you met Lord Bute and the journalist who was beginning her career—the dweller in the attic and the great statesman! They met on the common ground of dear old Miss Anna Swanwick's love of human kind.—I am, &c.,

SAPPHO SCOTT.

2, Bennett-street, St. James's: Nov. 13, 1899.

A Pocket Stevenson.

SIR,—Now that pocket editions are to be had by the score, surely it is somewhat strange that we have none of Robert Louis Stevenson. I have attentively searched the season's lists of new editions, but have met with the usual disappointment. Stevenson is so essentially the friend of youth, the companion of all who love the country, that I am astonished no demand has yet been raised for such an edition. For myself, I never travel without some volume of his essays, and like always to have him ready to my hand. Are not *Virginibus Puerisque*, *Memories and Portraits*, *Across the Plains*, and *The Inland Voyage* books *imprimis* for the pocket?

The publication of these volumes in some such form as the "Temple Classics" would surely bring a profit to the publishers.—I am, &c.,

F. W. PLACE.

Liverpool: Nov. 12, 1899.

George Cupples or William Hansard?

SIR,—In your issue of November 4 you reviewed *A Spliced Yarn*, by George Cupples (Gibbings & Co., 5s.), and quoted a passage telling how Bill Bullen's "old frigate came tumbling home, and how he took his farewell of the sea." The passage which pleased your reviewer had to me a familiar ring, and you will find it verbatim on p. 267 of the bound volume of *Good Words* for 1862, edited by the late Dr. Norman Macleod. It occurs in an article entitled "What Sent Me to Sea," over the signature of William Hansard. Unless Mr. George Cupples contributed to *Good Words* in 1862 over the name "George Hansard," some explanation of this literary coincidence seems due.—I am, &c.,

Glasgow: Nov. 4, 1899.

R. K. R.

Mr. Henty's Books.

SIR,—Owing to a press of work it is only to-day that I have seen the letter of Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co. I am astonished at their statement that "they had not to their knowledge received or heard anything of a protest from Mr. Henty." Their memories must indeed be short ones. They wrote to me saying that they had purchased my novel *A Woman of the Commune*, and intended to bring it out under a new name, but that as a matter of courtesy only they asked my approval of the change. I replied that on principle I objected most strongly to any change of title, as it was calculated to deceive the public, who would naturally suppose that it was a new book. I received no answer to that letter.—I am, &c.,

G. A. HENTY.

33, Lavender-gardens, S.W.: Nov. 9, 1899.

Our Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 8 (New Series).

THIS competition was set in the following terms:

The conversation at a certain house the other evening turned upon the amount of significance which some poets—notably Shakespeare—have crowded into a single line. One speaker instanced:

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

from *King Lear*; but that line is mysterious and romantic rather than surcharged with matter. A better example is in the porter's speech in *Macbeth*, where he says: "I had thought to let in some of the old professions, that go *the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire*." This, properly speaking, is prose; but it illustrates our point. We offer, then, a prize of a guinea for that line chosen from English poets, living or dead, which is most packed with meaning.

Among the many lines which have reached us we consider the one most packed with meaning to be this, from Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra":

Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure,

which was sent by E. Hoffmann, "Fair View," Didbury.

A choice from the best lines follows. The asterisks mean that more than one person has chosen the quotation:

What does, what knows, what is; three souls, one man.

Browning.

[M. C. E., London.]

Clear the land of evil, drive the road, and bridge the ford.

R. Kipling.

[T. V. N., South Woodford.]

To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub.

"Hamlet."

[L. W., London.]

... The rest is silence.*—"Hamlet."

[F. M., London.]

God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world.

Browning.

[E. B., Eye.]

Past the city's congregated peace of homes and pomp of spires.

Browning.

[L. R. G. W., Kirkby-Ravensworth.]

God props no Gospel up with sinking saints.

Rev. F. Langbridge.

[H. W. F., Cork.]

The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world.

Shelley.

[O. J., Torquay.]

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist.

Browning.

[M. F., Northampton.]

Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark.

Milton.

[W. S. R., Moffat.]

The eagle suffers little birds to sing.

"Titus Andronicus."

[Miss H., Mansfield.]

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
Wordsworth.
 One truth is clear—whatever is, is right.
Pope.
 [J. A. B., Birmingham.]
 There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.
"Hamlet."
 [E. M. S., London.]
 Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell.
Milton.
 [L. P., Manchester.]
 Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree.
Robert Bridges.
 [H. H., London.]
 Earth's crammed with heaven, and every living bush aflame
 with God.—*Browning.*
 [F. H. M., Brighton.]
 To see a world in a grain of sand.
William Blake.
 [W. A. S., Sale.]
 God made the country, and man made the town.
Cowper.
 [N. S., Stratford-on-Avon.]
 The end crowns all.
"Troilus and Cressida."
 [G. N., Clifton.]
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
Wordsworth.
 [G. D., Horley.]
 New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large.
Milton.
 [M. L. B., Tiverton.]
 I sat stone still, let time run over me.
Browning.
 [A. E. C., Brighton.]
 Brave victor-victim of thy country's war.
Laurie Magnus.
 [E. J. P., Alton.]
 Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.
Tennyson.
 [P. S., Hull.]
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice.
"Hamlet."
 [S. W., Cathcart.]
 The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.
Matthew Arnold.
 [G. A. F., London.]
 But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels.
Tennyson.
 [F. R. C., London.]
 Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of
 change.—*Tennyson.*
 [F. W., Oxford.]
 Came that "Ave atque Vale" of the Poet's hopeless woe.
Tennyson.
 [A. H. W., Westward Ho!]
 And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.
Tennyson.
 [T. C., Buxted.]
 They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up
 the dawn.—*Kipling.*
 [D. C. M., Nairn.]
 O the pity of it!
"Othello."
 [G. H. S., Glasgow.]
 The still sad music of humanity.*
Wordsworth.
 [J. P., Fenton]
 The conscious water saw its God, and blushed.*
Crashaw.
 [M. N., Rathgar.]
 The very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.
"Hamlet."
 [G. R., Aberdeen.]
 Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young.*
Webster.
 [E. T. P., Streatham.]
 Replies received also from: N. B., Belfast; M. E. S., London;
 R. N., Sunderland; C. F. F., Reading; L. M. W., Edinburgh;

M. H. L., Sheffield; G. M. P., Birmingham; E. W., London;
 W. F. K., Dublin; H. P. R., Bath; J. A. F., Didcot; W. S., Car-
 munock; E. S. H., Bradford; J. M., Holywood; E. H., Ledbury;
 S. C., Nottingham; B. G., Barnsley; E. G. B., Liverpool; S. A.,
 Stoke-on-Trent; A. C., Edinburgh; J. D. A., London; E. H.,
 Chepstow; H. H., Edgbaston; E. C. M. D., Crediton; M. P. H.,
 Hanwell; J. J. P., Oswestry; U. A., Brooklands; G. S. B.,
 London; B. A., Brooklands; M. A. C., Cambridge; E. B.,
 Worcester Park; A. R., York; E. S., London; H. L., Prest-
 wich; J. G., London; G. L. H., Ilford; R. N., Cambridge;
 T. B., Salisbury; M. B. M., Dublin; E. G. S., Ilford; E. B.,
 Liverpool; R. J. W., London; J. H. S., London; J. W.,
 Worcester; H. A. E., Oxford; C. M., Cardiff; E. E. T., Settrington;
 G. E. M., London; S. C., Brighton; H. Z. S., Aberdeen; H. G. H.,
 Ruswarp; B. A. B., London; C. M. W., Meltham; W. E. W.,
 Hawick; H. L., Cardiff; M. C., London; B. H. F., Orpington;
 J. R., Hythe; G., Reigate; J. P. J., Little Sutton; M. F. O'M.,
 Folkestone; W. R. E., London; P. L. C., Bishopstow; P. A. K.,
 Aberdeen; J. M., Cathcart; J. W. W., Cardiff; W. M. R., Man-
 chester; D. S., Glasgow; L. M. W., London; T. H. K., Wallasey;
 J. W. F., London; A. R. B., Great Malvern; H. A. M., London;
 H. T. F., Cambridge; R. F. McC., Whitby; and A. G. K., Harrow.

N.B.—Owing to an oversight the prize was given last week to a
 competitor whose specimen transgressed the rule limiting selections
 to eight lines. We have therefore decided also to award a guinea
 to the competitor whose contribution was the best of those that
 adhered to the conditions. We have selected the following passage,
 from Mr. Davidson's *Ballad of a Nun*, chosen by Mr. J. D. Anderson,
 17, Blakesley-avenue, Ealing:

The adventurous sun took Heaven by storm,
 Clouds scattered largesses of rain,
 The sounding cities, rich and warm,
 Smouldered and glittered in the plain.

To Mr. Anderson a cheque has been posted,

Competition No. 9 (New Series).

In the *Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*, which are reviewed else-
 where in this number, is a letter from Stevenson to Mr. Henley in
 which he enumerates several non-existent literary treasures that
 he would much like to discover. Among these is a fragment of
 Shakespeare's Autobiography and a portion of an unfinished novel
 by Henry Fielding, entitled *Solomon Crabb*. In his letter Stevenson,
 by a fine effort of improvisation, dashed into an abstract of this
 imaginary work. Thus:

"I am enjoying *Solomon Crabb* extremely; Solomon's capital
 adventure with the two highwaymen and Squire Trecothick and
 Parson Vance; it is as good, I think, as anything in *Joseph Andrews*.
 I have just come to the part where the highwayman with the black
 patch over his eye has tricked poor Solomon into his place, and the
 squire and the parson are hearing the evidence. Parson Vance is
 splendid. How good, too, is old Mrs. Crabb and the coastguardsman
 in the third chapter, or her delightful quarrel with the sexton of
 Seaham; Lord Conybeare is, surely, a little overdone; but I don't
 know either; he's such damned fine sport. Do you like Sally
 Barnes? I'm in love with her. Constable Muddon is as good as
 Dogberry and Verges put together; when he takes Solomon to the
 cage, and the highwayman gives him Solomon's own guinea for his
 pains, and kisses Mrs. Muddon, and just then up drives Lord
 Conybeare, and instead of helping Solomon, calls him all the
 rascals in Christendom—O, Henry Fielding, Henry Fielding! Yet
 perhaps the scenes at Seaham are the best. But I'm bewildered
 among all these excellences."

We ask our readers this week to indulge in a similar feat of fancy
 and imagine themselves to be reading a newly-discovered story, or
 fragment of a story, by Jane Austen. For the most convincing
 abstract, more or less in the manner of the above extract, not
 exceeding 250 words, we offer a prize of a guinea.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43,
 Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post
 of Tuesday, November 21. Each answer must be accompanied by
 the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 584 or it can-
 not enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one
 attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate
 coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to
 impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much
 facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is
 also important that names and addresses should always be given:
 we cannot consider anonymous answers.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

THE HISTORY OF LORD LYTTON'S INDIAN ADMINISTRATION.

BY LADY BETTY BALFOUR.

This is a family and official record, forming rather a history than a biography. It does not deal with Lord Lytton's personal life in India, but with his acts and opinions. Lady Betty Balfour has aimed at an impartiality which should not revive "the virulent party bitterness which perverted so much of the criticism on Lord Lytton's policy eighteen years ago, and which to this day has prevented it from receiving any measure of fair play." (Longmans. 18s.)

A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

BY THE HON. J. W. FORTESCUE.

This is a civilian's history of the British Army, written to fill a gap which no military writer has filled. The author's design is to bring the story down to the year 1870. The two volumes before us reach 1763, and two volumes will follow. Details of an antiquarian kind relating to dress, armament, and equipments are intentionally sacrificed to larger matters. (Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. 36s. net.)

THE TRANSVAAL AND THE BOERS.

BY W. E. GARRETT FISHER.

The earlier portions of this work appeared in 1896 under the above title, but they have been re-written, and the book is practically a new attempt to relate the history of the South African Republic and the Orange Free State, before they "pass out of independent existence." (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d.)

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

BY P. KROPOTKIN.

From the preface by George Brandes: "The author of the autobiography before us is not preoccupied with his own capacities. . . . He is more anxious to give the psychology of his contemporaries than of himself; and one finds in his book the psychology of Russia: the official Russia and the masses underneath—Russia struggling forward and Russia stagnant." (Smith, Elder & Co. 2 vols. 21s.)

LAMB AND HAZLITT. EDITED BY WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT.

Into this slim volume Mr. Hazlitt has put the information derived from a number of hitherto unpublished letters and documents relating to his grandfather, the essayist and critic. One item in the book, "A Curious Historiette," is a detailed account of the hoax played off on Hazlitt by Lamb and Joseph Hume when they circulated a report that Hazlitt had died by his own hand. The book fills up a few crannies in our knowledge of Hazlitt and Lamb. (Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)

JANE AUSTEN.

BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

This is an essay in criticism rather than a biography. But Mr. Pollock takes up a few loose threads left by other biographers. His special work, however, is to relate Jane Austen's literary work to that of her contemporaries, Madame D'Arbly, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, and others. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE LEWIS CARROLL

PICTURE BOOK.

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STUART DODGSON COLLINGWOOD.

A literary and pictorial aftermath. We have reproductions of Lewis Carroll's scattered pictures, some of the photographs he took in his study at Christ Church, also fragments of his "Curiosa Mathematica," Oxford skits, and what not. (Unwin. 6s.)

RALPH FITCH.

BY J. HORTON RYLEY.

The East India Company and its men of mark have been the subjects of many books; but an earlier enterprise, the Levant Company, which took its rise at the close of the sixteenth century, and its set of heroes, are in need of celebration. This book fills the gap, and is particularly concerned with the adventures of Ralph Fitch, who had travelled across India before our first trading expedition left Plymouth for the East Indies in 1591. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

GIOVANNI BELLINI.

BY ROGER E. FRY.

A careful monograph on the master. Mr. Fry has had valuable assistance from painters and professors in Italy, and his collection of illustrations is adequate. (Unicorn Press.)

GREEK TERRACOTTA STATUETTES.

BY C. A. HUTTON.

"So far, except in France, Greek statuettes have been chiefly treated from the archaeological standpoint, but the present publication is addressed to that wider public which, though not repelled by their archaeological interest, is mainly attracted by their aesthetic charm, and curious as to the circumstances under which they had their being, and the civilisation which they represent." The book is a slim quarto, well illustrated in colours from statuettes in the British Museum. (Seeley & Co. 7s. net.)

OLIVER CROMWELL: HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY ARTHUR PATERSON.

Cromwell is a subject on which the last word will not be said for a long time. Mr. Paterson boldly follows "where Carlyle, Gardiner, and Firth have led." His object is pure biography: "to give a narrative of the personal life, aims, and motives of this great Englishman"; any "history of the time" has been avoided. (Nisbet & Co. 10s. net.)

EXPLORATIO EVANGELICA.

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A book for the thoughtful layman by a writer who has, in long years of quiet study, arrived at certain views in regard to the psychology and the history of religion, and who speaks for himself alone. In form it is a critical rather than a constructive treatise on the origin of Christianity; "it may perhaps be compared to the operations which precede construction . . . it is of the nature of Prolegomena." (Black. 15s.)

THE YANGTZE VALLEY AND BEYOND.

BY MRS. J. E. BISHOP (ISABELLA L. BIRD).

An important work by the author of *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*. Mrs. Bishop has been led to write down her impressions of the Yangtze Valley by the political movements of the last two years. Her journeys in this region were taken in 1897. The book is profusely and admirably illustrated, and is dedicated by permission to Lord Salisbury. (Murray. 21s. net.)

In addition to the above we have received:

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Perowne (The Ven. T. T.), *Cambridge Bible for Schools: The Proverbs*.
(University Press)
Clarke (W. N.), *Can I Believe in God the Father?* . . . (T. & T. Clark) 3/0
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Smith (C. Fox), *The Foremost Trail* . . . (Sampson Low)
Chandler (F. Wadleigh), *Romances of Roguery* . . . (The Macmillan Co.) 8/6
Cuthbertson (W.), *By Shore and Wood* . . . (Thin)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Gould (R. F.), *Military Lodges* . . . (Gale & Polden) 5/0
Hendry (Hamish), *Majuba* . . . (Richards) 2/0
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Callow (E.), *From King Orry to Queen Victoria: a Short History of the Isle of Man* . . . (Stock) 5/8
Keane (John), *The Evolution of Geography* . . . (Stanford) 6/0
Collet (C. D.), *History of the Taxes on Knowledge. 3 vols.* . . . (Unwin) 18/0
Mitchell (J. Murray), *In Western India* . . . (Douglas) 5/0
Temple (Rt. Hon. Sir Richard), *The House of Commons*. . . (John Long) 3/6
Africanus, *The Transvaal Boers* . . . (Marshall) 1/0
Ki seley (Mary H.), *The Story of West Africa*. . . (Marshall) 1/6
Galloway (W. J.), *Advanced Australia* . . . (Methuen) 3/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Israelis (Jozef), *Spain: the Story of a Journey*. Translated by A. T. de Mattos . . . (Nimmo) net 12/6

EDUCATIONAL.

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